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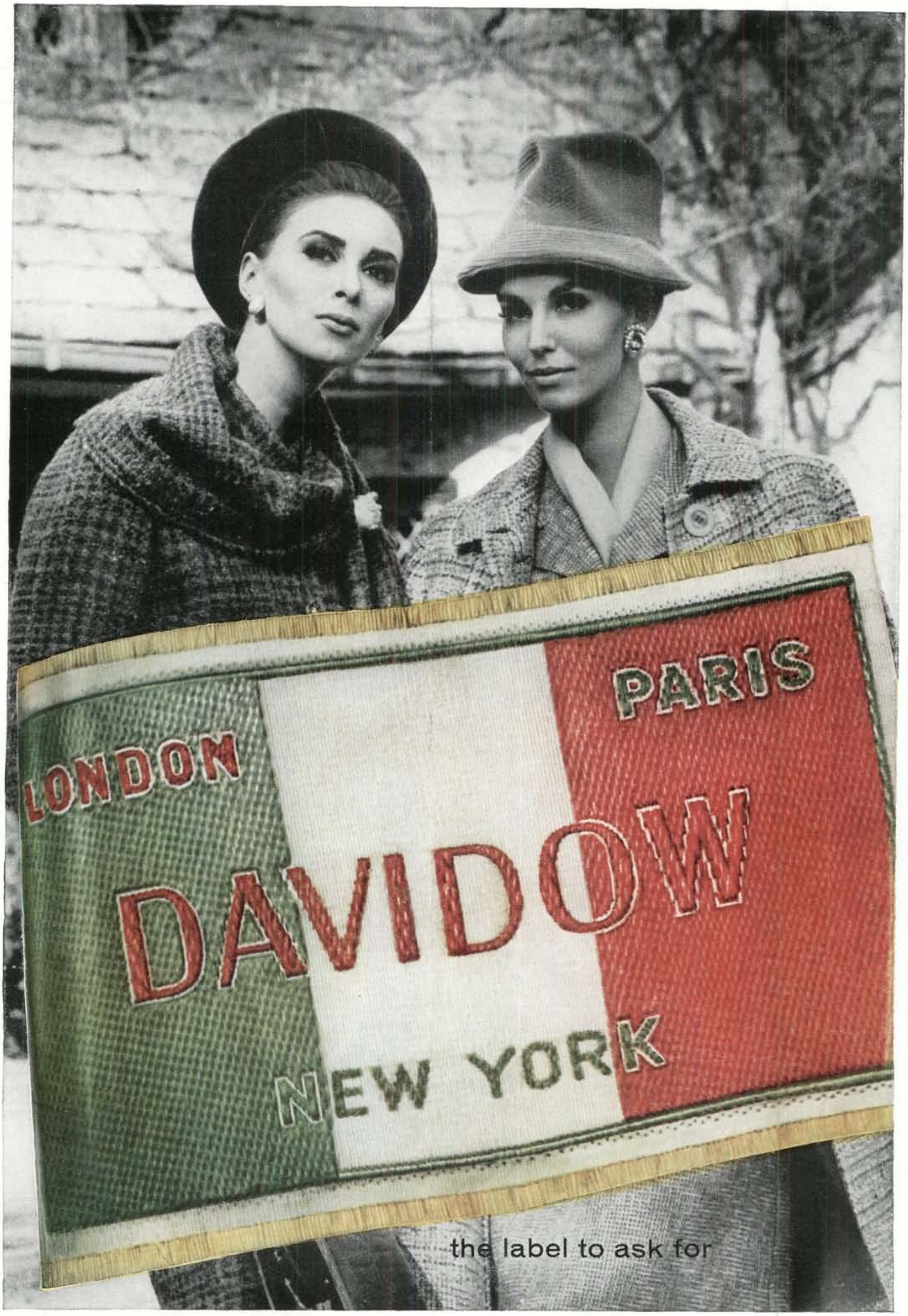
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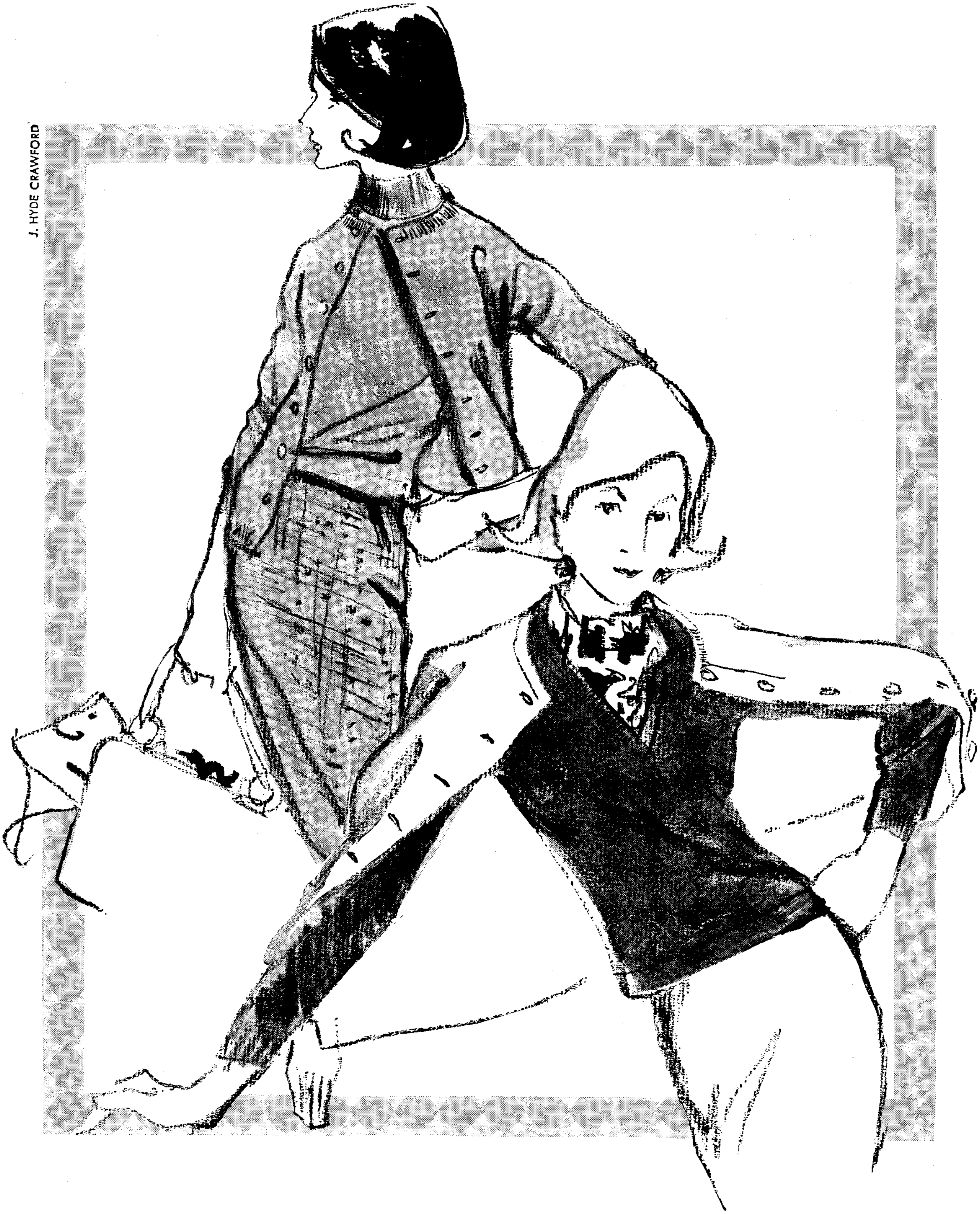

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, most theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 2. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner. Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A six-week return engagement of the Arthur Kopit play, with Hermione Gingold at the head of a cast directed by Jerome Robbins. The producers are Roger L. Stevens and T. Edward Hambleton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:55. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:45; special matinée Labor Day at 2:45.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** A diversion in which four English wits—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Biff McGuire, Patricia Smith, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. At present, the cast at the evening performances consists of Nancy Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick, Ken Kercheval, and Barbara Dana; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. The regular evening cast—Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver—will return on Monday, Sept. 2. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)

MUSICALS

Oliver!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

She Loves Me—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs, by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the dances, by Carol Haney, may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Tovarich—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Labor Day and Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Sunday, Sept. 1, and Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.) . . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Page
BOOKS 66
THE CURRENT CINEMA 56

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Zoo Story**—A pair of Edward Albee revivals. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—The final performances of a season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 29-30: "The Mikado." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 31: "Ruddigore." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 1: "The Gondoliers." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in breeziness what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit tiresome, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A *strong and merciless record*, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Jack Warden. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—Carl Low plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Betty Miller plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W.1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 28, August 31, 1963. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1963 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Aug. 29: "Apollo," "Bugaku," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Friday evening, Aug. 30; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, matinées and evenings; and Monday matinée, Sept. 2....¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 4: "Arcade," "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 5: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Friday evening, Sept. 6: "Con Amore," "Episodes," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 7: "Con Amore," "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony."...¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 7: "Four Temperaments," "La Sonnambula," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 29.)

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last in a series of free programs. Monday, Sept. 2: "America Dances," a history of American dance from 1900 to the present, narrated by Alexandra Danilova and with Ruth St. Denis, Jenny Workman, Natalie Krassovska, and other soloists, plus a corps de ballet....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 3-4: Donald McKayle and his company, with Carmen de Lavallade....¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 5-6: The American Ballet Theatre, the Robert Joffrey Ballet, Oleg Briansky and Patricia Wilde, and Edward Villella and Patricia McBride....¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8: Carmen de Lavallade (with Buzz Miller), Shanta Rao and her company, and Geoffrey Holder and his company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8:30.)

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MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "The Winter's Tale," with Salome Jens and Mitchell Ryan. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Cathy Machado. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 15.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Around the World in 80 Days," a musical with a cast of two hundred headed by Fritz Weaver, Robert Clary, and Elaine Malbin. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper in the Royal Box, one gets the ample animadversions of Phyllis Diller, the girl who has everything—happen to her, that is. Her rueful and raucous remarks are interspersed with dance music. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A form of social security not provided by the government. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra never pause for breath. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is the home of Stanley Worth's minute band. On Mondays, another band fills in.

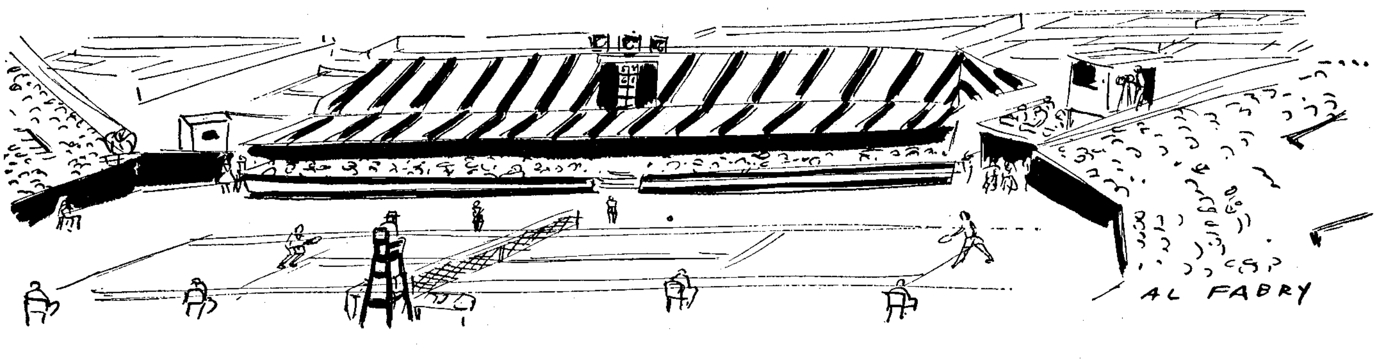
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, who loves nothing better than to sing loudly, clearly, and cheerily, has himself a wonderful time in the Persian Room, in spite of environmental problems—his recitation of homilies that can have come only from the collected works of Edgar Guest, and an orchestra direct from a run-of-the-play contract with the Thirty Years' War. The best of the surrounding dance music issues from Mark Monte's perky assemblage of marksmen. Once a night during the week, twice on Friday and Saturday is Signor S.'s assignment. On Saturday, Aug. 31, the summer season ends....¶ Except Sundays and Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine, including Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Saturday, Aug. 31, brings to a close the set of summit conferences, dances, and dinners that have been going on all summer on the Roof, where Charles Turecamo's orchestra is the music master....¶ On Tuesday, Sept. 3, the below-stairs enterprise known as La Boite will resume its sessions of inner and outer nourishment. The outer segment will be supplied by gentle piano and violin between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): This urban, though rarely urbane, country club, which is still on the tennis-anyone? basis, will shut up shop after Thursday, Aug. 29, and stay shut until Tuesday, Sept. 3, when Sam Hamilton will rejoin the two permanent pianists, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders....**IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Eggs Florentine, *pasta* Florentine, opera Florentine. This last ingredient is provided by Aldo Bruschi (piano, concertina, tenor), whose resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night. He also operates a dance trio after ten from Thursday on. Closed Sunday, Sept. 1, and Labor Day....**EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays....**CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his heart-and-soul violin. No music Sundays or Labor Day....**KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays....**RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, Victor del Monte addresses his piano in measured tones between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays....**WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country....**ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays and Labor Day....**DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays.... **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano, temporarily operated by Bob Printz, against the return (on Tuesday, Sept. 3) of its owner, Ralph Strain. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Saturday.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Closed Labor Day.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranch-house in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time. Sundays, a piano is the whole music department. ... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room lounge, Rack Godwin devotes the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday to the construction of his own special fugues for piano.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Karl Inwald's docile piano will again be at work when this uptown brokerage house reopens for business on Tuesday, Sept. 3. Sundays will be his holidays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Budapest we'd like to think is still there recommences its odes to light wines, light dancing, and light operatics on Wednesday, Sept. 4.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Three dozen nudes (or the next thing to it) descending the staircase of paradise to bring an ample supply of beauty into all our wan lives. The best of the at-risk-of-life-and-limb European variety acts that throng the establishment are the ballet suites of the gracile François Szony and Nancy Claire, who have devised a space project all their own; the other added starters are Dominique, a Raffles who can make a clean sweep of the pockets of anyone willing to join him onstage, and Harry Richman, who (still dressed for opening night at the Met) hasn't changed anywhere near as much as his Broadway has in the past twenty years. His Nibs bows out on Saturday, Aug. 31, and the Szonys bow out on Tuesday, Sept. 3. Next evening, Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt, heavily armed with duets, will check in. Dancing.

CABARETS

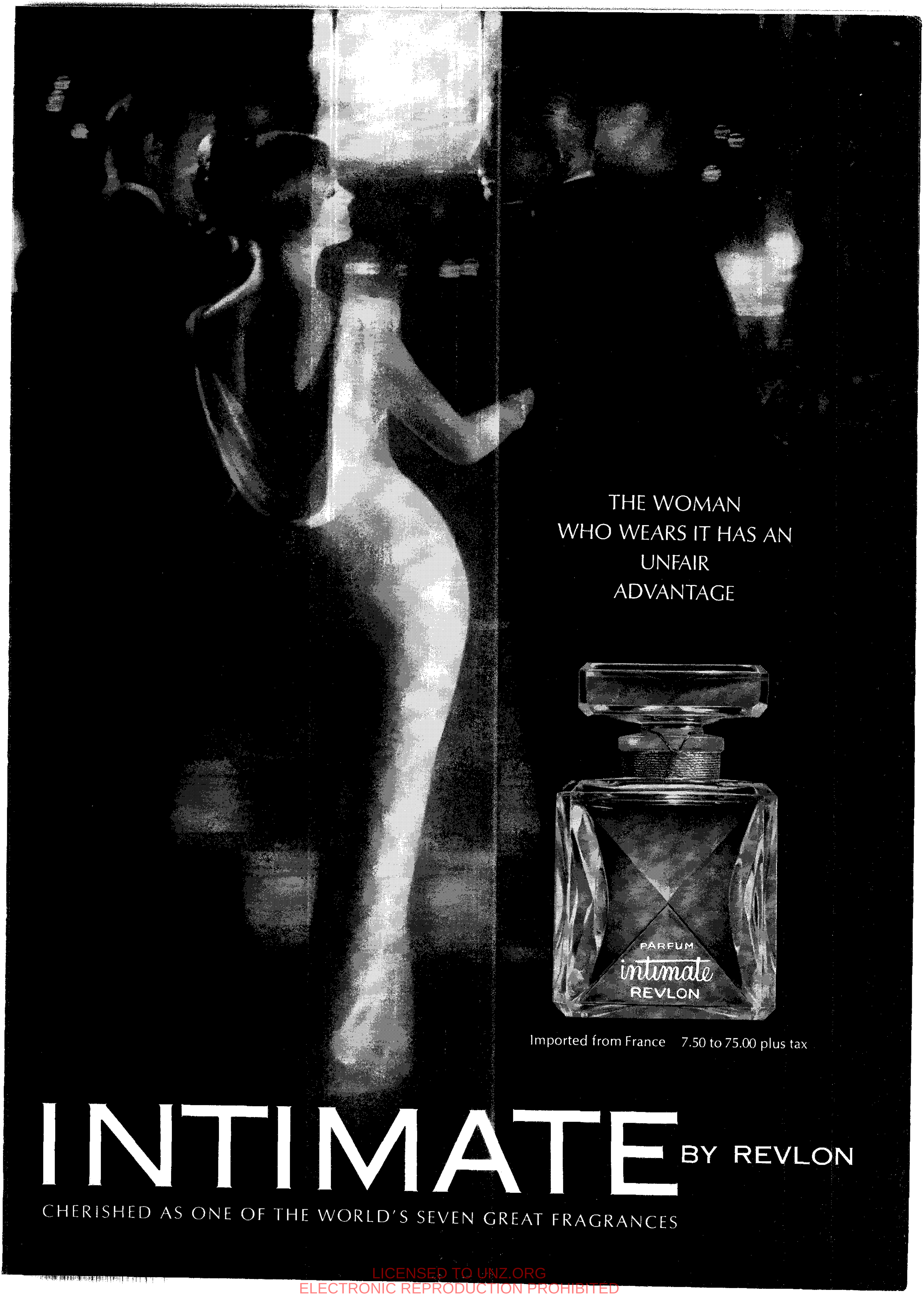
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The A-for-effectiveness propounders of its findings are Gerry Matthews, Jane Connell, Gordon Connell, Carol Morley, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the orchestra is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday.... **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Woody Allen, a man of many words (which often establish only the most tenuous interrelationships), will be the focus of most ears when the place reopens, on Thursday, Sept. 5. Alongside him will be ranged Max Morath, a newcomer whose piano and voice will offer a pilgrim's progress through the ragtime era of American night life, and a new soprano named Emily Yancy. Closed Sundays.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): No rose-colored glasses adorn a revue that is a veritable mother of invention. It enlists the valuable services of Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, MacIntyre Dixon, and Barbara Harris. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Saturdays, when there is a third showing, at twelve-thirty, and on Sundays, when there's only an eight-thirty showing. Mondays, darkness prevails.... **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): More in anger than in sorrow is frequently the attitude of the crew of mimes who fill the small stage with a rough-and-ready symposium on Whither America. Their resultant revue operates Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a pulsing musical comedy that casts new (and heaven-help-us-if-true) light on the American heroine, here presented as a girl whose favorite dish is the psyche of any intending mate. This dragonfly is enacted by a luxurious creation called Barbara Quaney, and her supporting cast of thousands is enacted briskly and brightly by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The authors of this willful witticism are David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the composer is Sam Pottle, the director is Ronny Graham. Twice a night is the rule; no work Sundays.... ¶ Ronny Graham, who whiles away the later evening hours in the **DOWNSTAIRS** by playing and singing music for Faust to go to the Devil with, will give over, on Tuesday, Sept. 3, to Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art. Sam Hamilton will, by hereditary right, be her pianist. Ten-thirty is the hour of arrival for all hands. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Jonas Moura, whose triple-jointed dancing brings to mind Rio de Janeiro at "Black Orpheus" time, is the most absorbing part of the Latin American frenzy that rules the back room of this roost at dinner and supper. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The Sunday *thés dansants*, which run on and on, are bacchanalian.... ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly after ten.... **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): This laissez-faire theatre café is dedicated to a comprehensive in-memoriam concert, "The World of Kurt Weill in Song." Its personnel—Will Holt, in his time perhaps the most skillful parodist of the Weilly ways, and Martha Schlamme, a wholly-in-earnest devotee of Mr. W.—go to work Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Evans, deeply engrossed in practically subliminal chord structures, plays piano for a trio that demands the closest attention; his alternate is Roland Kirk, who is bedecked with so many instruments (some of them figments of his imagination) that his accompanying quartet is almost superfluous. The Kirks' terminal night is Sunday, Sept. 1. There's always an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Her serene highness Miriam Makeba accompanies her songs, many of them from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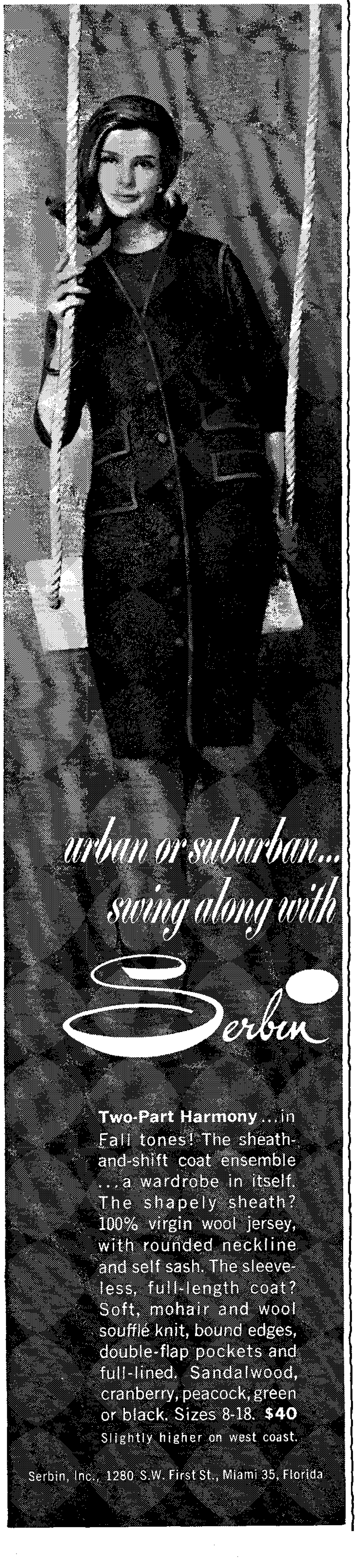

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

deepest Africa, with her fluid voice and occasional (and appropriate) dance steps. Also present: the Chad Mitchell trio, pet of the junior set, and the quartet of Stan Getz, whose horn loves to drift and dream. Closed Labor Day.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The quartet belonging to Coleman Hawkins, that enduring legend, and the amiable and agile triad of mop-and-bop singers called Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan have the floor. The mop-and-boppers stop working on Sunday, Sept. 1, but the Labor Day weekend will be augmented—from Friday through Wednesday, Aug. 30-Sept. 4—by the fivesome of Charlie Mingus, rebel with a dozen causes. Sept. 4 is the end of the road for the Hawkins bunch; next evening, the spitfire Nina Simone and her group return to action. Mondays are outsiders' nights.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else. The sounds, which are predominantly folk, are made by (among others) The Tarriers, who are partly in earnest and partly in jest. Tuesdays, the regulars are always off duty. ... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, when there *are* any manuscripts. Rocking and rolling is the music early in the evening; later, Woody Herman's Herd is engaged in breaking the peace; on Friday, Aug. 30, Gene Krupa's quartet will assume this task. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. ... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The current staff is Gerry Mulligan and his fourteen-man cult of blowhards, plus Art Blakey and his overheated Jazz Messengers. On Thursday, Sept. 5, Maynard Ferguson's band of banshees will replace them. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A neighborly bar whose denizens, all believers in furthering progress, generally keep looking for new sound barriers to scale. Roy Haynes' quartet will be succeeded, on Tuesday, Sept. 3, by Art Farmer's quartet, to which Jim Hall adds distinction. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice, but Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is almost certain to be on the job with a handful of acolytes. Mondays are for visiting artists.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tyree Glenn's extrovert horn, which is apt to walk on the sweet side, dominates his quartet. The Glenns' last night is Saturday, Aug. 31. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, who can contribute quite a bit of facility and fancy to contemporary music, plays piano at the head of the threesome inside the oval bar. No action Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's period-piece piano is audible throughout the week. Danny Barker's trio will help out on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, and on Thursday, Sept. 5, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti will sign on as Mr. Jackson's running mates. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Helen Gerardia, Lily Ente, John von Wicht, and other members of a group formerly known as the Brooklyn Society of Artists; through Sept. 12. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Leonard DeLonga, Robert Laurent, Tom Hardy, and Humbert Albrizio; through Friday, Sept. 6.... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as William Palmer, Siegfried Reinhardt, and Jason Schoener; through Friday, Sept. 6.... **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Friday, Aug. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS,** 41 E. 65th St.: An exhibition of paintings and sculptures lent by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Emil. The paintings range from Monet to Marin and the sculptures from Cycladic pieces to Chadwick. Through Friday, Aug. 30.... **GALLERY 63,** 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by the gallery artists, including Fausto Pirandello, Stefano Cusumano, and Philip Evergood; through Sept. 13.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet, Tadé, Joseph Konzal, and other painters and sculptors; through Sept. 13.... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Jannis Spyropoulos, Earl Kerkam, and Bernard Reder; through Sept. 21.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI,** 16 E. 78th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by André François, Gérard Koch, and Ronald Searle (to name a few); through Sept. 13. (Thursday and Friday, Aug. 29-30, from 1 to 6; starting Tuesday, Sept. 3, Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)... **FINDLAY,** 11 E. 57th St.: Oils by Roger Mühl, Maurice Brianchon, Gabriel Godard, and other School of Paris artists; through Friday, Aug. 30.... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by leading exponents of figurative art in France, among them Bernard Buffet, Bernard Lorjou, and Paul Belmondo; through Friday, Aug. 30.

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art exhibit will be on view daily, from 2 until dark, starting Friday, Aug. 30, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 22.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, composed chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures by Renoir, Monet, van Gogh, and others; through Monday, Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, water colors, and prints dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; through Sept. 8.... ¶ Recently acquired drawings by forty-six American and European artists, including Henry Moore, Jules Pascin, and Henri Matisse; through Sept. 29.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by André Derain (1880-1954); through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Oct. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Emergence: Student-Craftsmen," examples of work from six representative schools; through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, except Labor Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—The collection assembled by Robert and Lisa Sainsbury, of London, made up of items from around the world—Greece, Mexico, the Hawaiian Islands, Oceania, Benin, Alaska, and so on; through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Twenty-six

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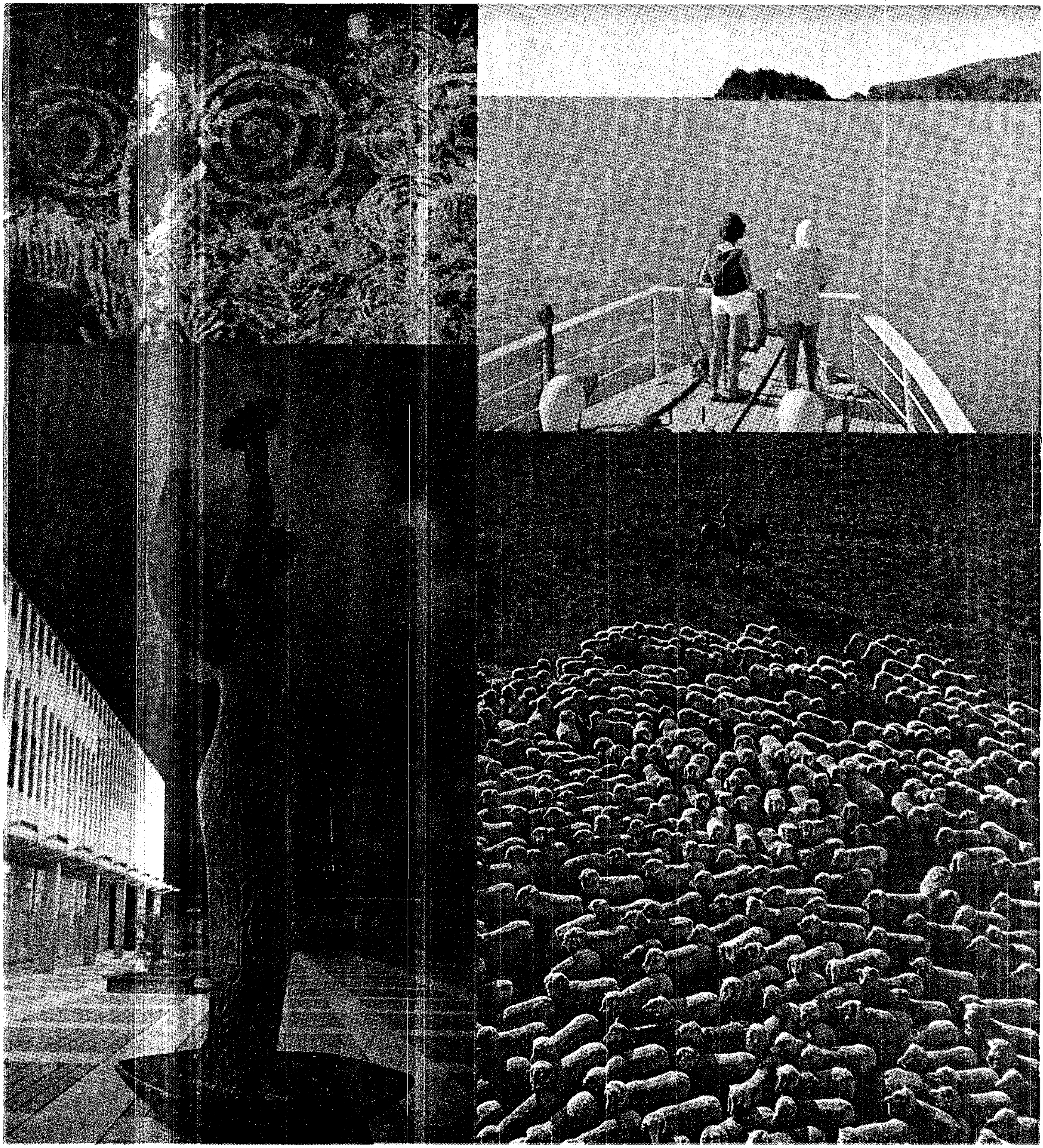

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

American Artists from the Collections of the Whitney Museum and Its Friends," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Charles Burchfield, Jackson Pollock, Alexander Calder, and others; through Sept. 8. (Daily, except Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

NAUMBURG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Robert Lawrence conducting Ambroise Thomas' opera "Mignon" in concert form, with Lila Gage, soprano; Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Leonard Bilodeau, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass-baritone. (Central Park Mall. Monday, Sept. 2, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

JACOB'S PILLOW—Final performances of the Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 31: Claudia Cravey and Hans Meister, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Shanta Rao and her company of dancers and musicians of South India. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 1: Shanta Rao and her company. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, Aug. 29, at 3, and Friday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, Aug. 29, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 4-5, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 6, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Monday, Sept. 2, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 2.

HORSE SHOWS—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Aug. 31-Sept. 2.) . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 7.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS, Farmingdale, L. I.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 28. The Aqueduct, Monday, Sept. 2, and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 7. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N. J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. The World's Playground, Saturday, Sept. 7. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2, and Monday, Sept. 2, at noon. . . . WATKINS GLEN, N.Y.: Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2, and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 10 A.M.

TENNIS—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. Tickets may be obtained at the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St., and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 23. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Sept. 17, when the eighteenth session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Labor Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Balcony—A shocking picture, but one well worth being shocked by. Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and admirably acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. Joseph Strick directed and Ben Maddow wrote the screenplay. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 3, tentative.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Divorce–Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a beautiful cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a shining farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Dr. No—A slick thriller, not a second of which you need to believe. Based on the Ian Fleming original, with Sean Connery as the hard-boiled but ever so suave English Intelligence agent and Ursula Andress as the pretty girl he takes in hand. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 4.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Four Days of Naples—In which we see how, shortly after the Italian surrender in the Second World War, a handful of Neapolitans rose up and overthrew their Nazi oppressors. A brilliant essay in the documentary form by the Italian director Nanni Loy. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 3.)

Heavens Above!—The Church of England is the main target of this mild but often funny satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and starring Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, Ian Carmichael, and half a dozen other favorites. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook has adapted William Golding's exercise in atavism with dashing skill and a fine ear for English public-school chat. A magnificent performance from Hugh Edwards as the pragmatic Piggy—a diminutive C. P. Snow. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem perfectly true. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

7 Capital Sins—A large assortment of French writers, directors, and actors have created seven separate vignettes inside a single frame. At least three of the vignettes are very funny, and the rest are full of funny bits. Sin has much to be said for it, and the French are always saying it. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 4, evening performances only.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A rousing, pell-mell comedy of London lowlife, directed to perfection by the great Joan Littlewood. James Booth and Barbara Windsor are the two stars. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 3.)

This Sporting Life—A violent movie about the violent rise and fall of a professional Rugby player in the North of England. Richard Harris gives a stunning performance as the turbulent, sensitive hero, and Rachel Roberts is fine, too, as a widow who doesn't love him back. David Storey adapted the good script from his own novel; Lindsay Anderson, the director, seldom lets you forget that he's around. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, LE 2-6533. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; starting Sept. 4, tentative.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Peter Sellers in top form, in a nonsensical farce about cops and robbers in the not very dangerous London underworld. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 3, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 30.)

Chaplin Comedy—"The Cure," a memento from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 1.)

La Dolce Vita (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 1-3.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 29.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 3.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 2-4.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sept. 2-4.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 29.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 30-Sept. 2.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy (1962)—Samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 1-3.)

The Night (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in a comedy about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 4.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 4.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight (1962)—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney in a tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 3, evening performances only, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Labor Day.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 30.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut wrote and directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 3.)

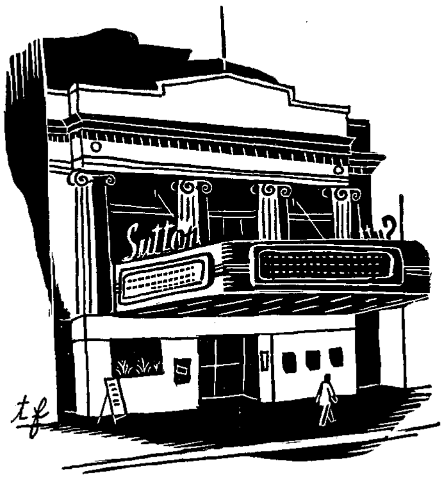
The Wave (1937)—The Gulf of Mexico, its fisherfolk, its beauties, and its problems. A Mexican picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Aug. 31: "Rope" (1948), with James Stewart. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 1: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

OFFICE
SHORE ACRES
COUNTRY REAL ESTATE HOMES

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Mondays, except Labor Day, through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 1:30, 5, and 8:45. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through Sept. 2: "Life of the Country Doctor" (in Japanese), Hisaya Morishige.
From Sept. 3: "Cockeyed Japan" (in Japanese).

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
SPARROWS CAN'T SING.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day.)
Through Sept. 3: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**, revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Sept. 4: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French); and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 3: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian); and "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.
From Sept. 4: **DR. NO**; and **ONE, TWO, THREE**, revival.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 3 (tentative): **THE BALCONY**; and **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Caretakers," Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley, Julia Foster.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 3: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.
From Sept. 4: "Wall of Noise," Suzanne Pleshette, Ty Hardin; and "The Terror," Boris Karloff.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE L-SHAPED ROOM.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French).

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 3 (tentative): **THE BALCONY**; and **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 3: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.
From Sept. 4: "Wall of Noise," Suzanne Pleshette, Ty Hardin; and "The Terror," Boris Karloff.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 3: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From Sept. 4: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong; and "Siege of the Saxons," Janette Scott.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 29: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "Othello," revival, Orson Welles.
Aug. 30-Sept. 2: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Sept. 3: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 1: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.
Sept. 2-4: **I AM A CAMERA**, revival; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 3: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French); and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.
From Sept. 4: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
HEAVENS ABOVE!

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 3: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb; and "Paris Pickup," Robert Hossein, Lea Massari.
From Sept. 4: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong; and "Siege of the Saxons," Janette Scott.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 31: **THE BALCONY**; and **THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.**
Sept. 1-3: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival; and **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY**, revival.
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 3: "PT 109," Cliff Robertson.
From Sept. 4: "Wall of Noise," Suzanne Pleshette, Ty Hardin; and "The Terror," Boris Karloff.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"La Poupée" (in French).

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Flamboyant Sex" (in French), Anita Lindoff.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Sept. 4 (tentative): **THIS SPORTING LIFE.**

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Sept. 3: "Come Blow Your Horn," Frank Sinatra, Lee J. Cobb.
From Sept. 4: "Jason and the Argonauts," Todd Armstrong; and "Siege of the Saxons," Janette Scott.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 30: **SABRINA**, revival; and **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival.
Aug. 31-Sept. 2: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent).
Sept. 3: "The Curse of the Cat People," revival, Simone Simon, Kent Smith; and "The Man Who Could Cheat Death," revival, Anton Diffring.
Sept. 4: "The Body Snatcher," revival, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi; and "Terror of the Tongs," revival, Geoffrey Toone.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 3: **HENRY V**, revival; and "The Doctor's Dilemma," revival, Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.
From Sept. 4: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival; and "Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 29: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and "Mitsou" (in French), revival, Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.
Aug. 30: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival; and **THE WAVE** (in Spanish), revival.
Aug. 31: "The Stratfold Adventure," and two other short films; plus ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Sept. 1: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "The Last Bridge," revival, an Austro-Yugoslav picture, with Maria Schell.
Sept. 2: "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival; and "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters.
Sept. 3: "Démoniaque" (in French), revival, François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "The Devil Strikes at Night" (in German), revival, Claus Holm, Mario Adorf.
Sept. 4: A program of seven short films on the dance—"Ballet of the Paris Opera," "Gentlemen Burglar," and others.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"PT 109," Cliff Robertson.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 3: "Ballad of a Hussar" and "Grown-Up Children" (both in Russian).
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

Don't pour the Pinch, if lightness is all you want for your money.

Pinch refuses to follow the fad for lightness too far. So Pinch never loses character. With Pinch, you pay more; you get more of a Scotch. You get the fullness of body, the richness of character, the presence, that good Scotch was meant to have.

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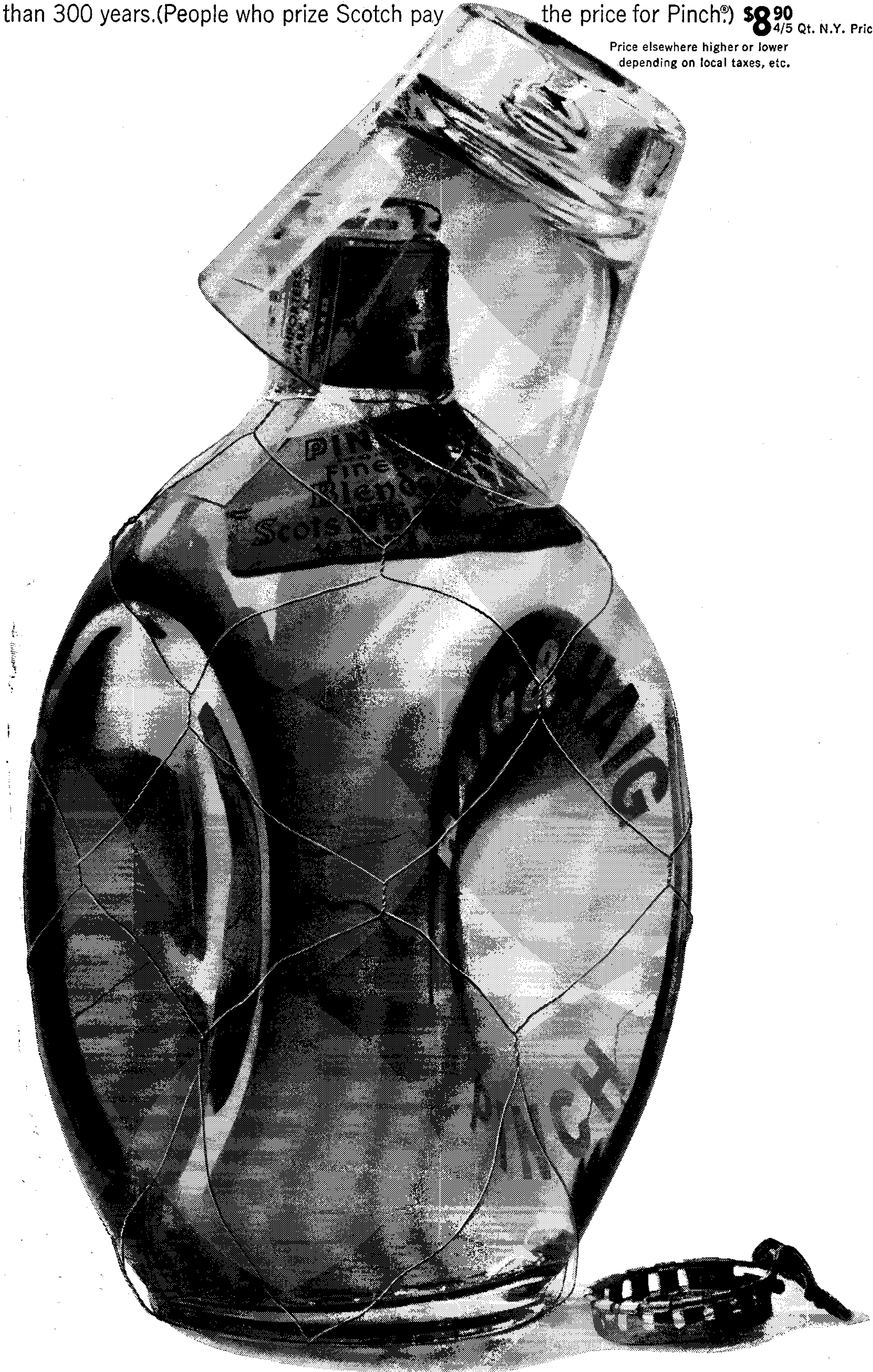

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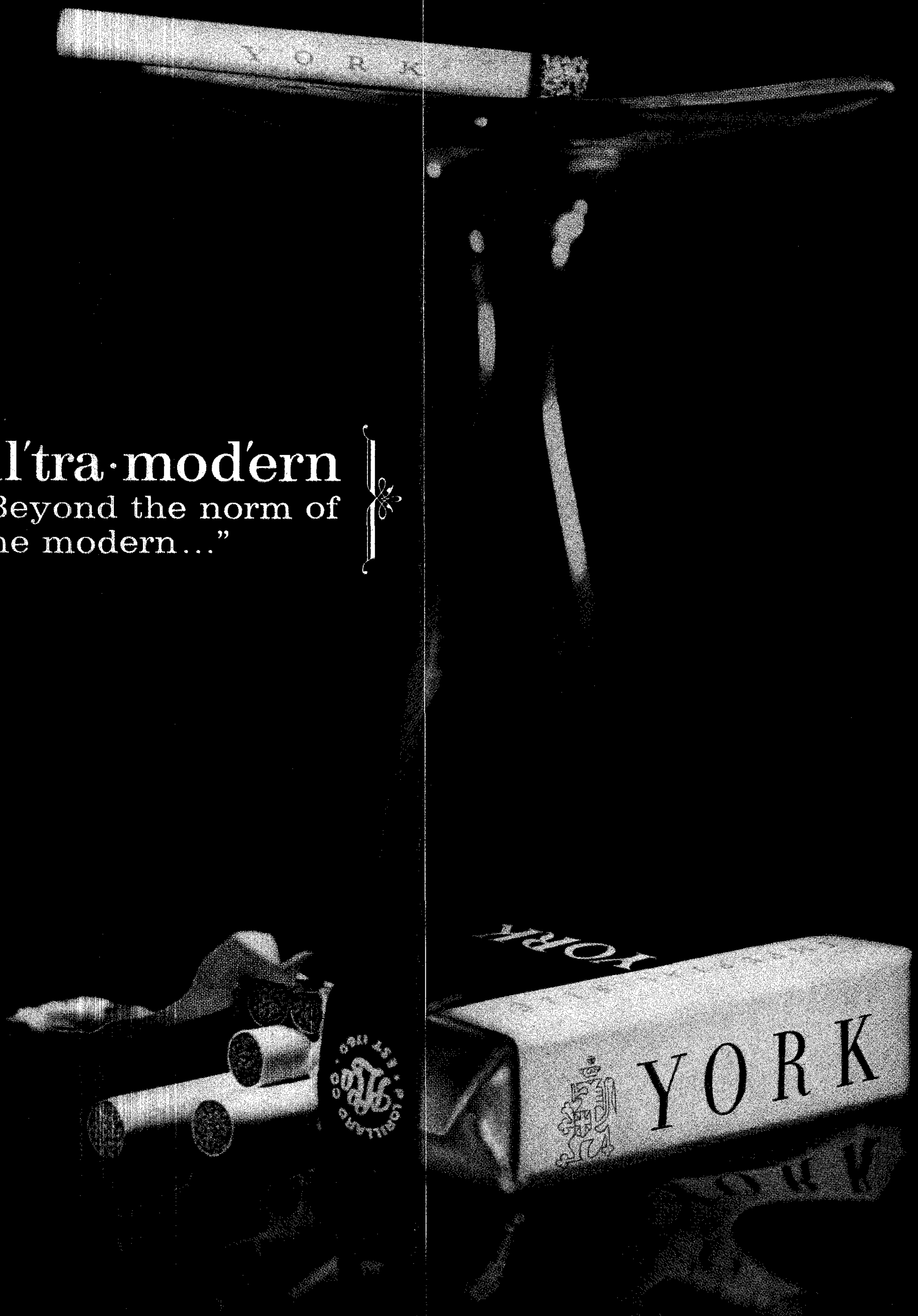
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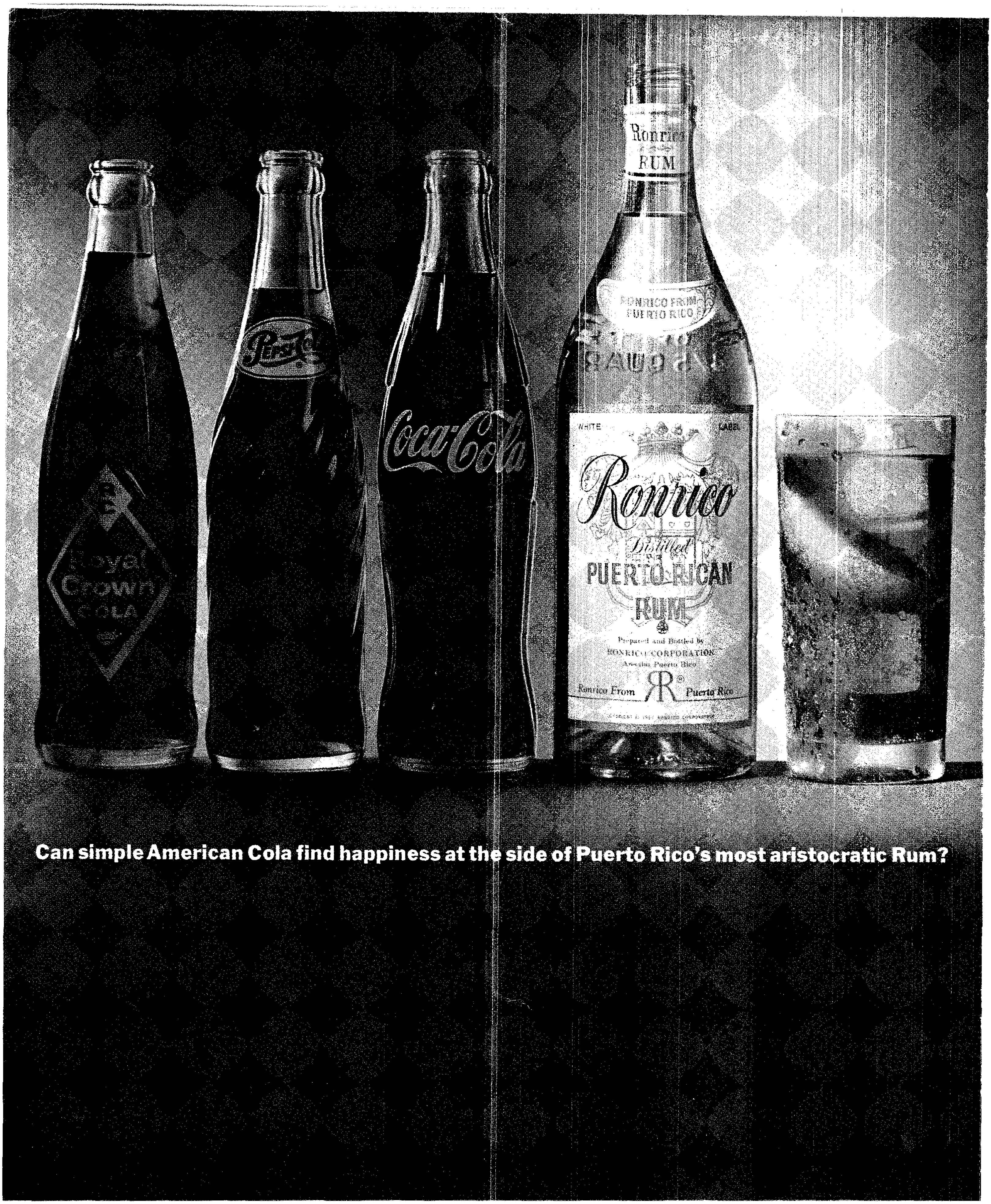
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Can simple American Cola find happiness at the side of Puerto Rico's most aristocratic Rum?

Oh my yes! The Ronricola (Ronrico and cola) is to rum and cola as Mercedes-Benz is to the Model T. Well, why not? Even people who profess not to like liquor like the taste of Ronrico; light, clear and fanatically dry.

Note the crest on Ronrico's label. It was granted to the Marqués de Arecibo in 1889 by the King of Spain. Today his grandson heads the Ronrico company. "El ron de los nobles" (The rum of noblemen). Here, have a Ronricola. See?

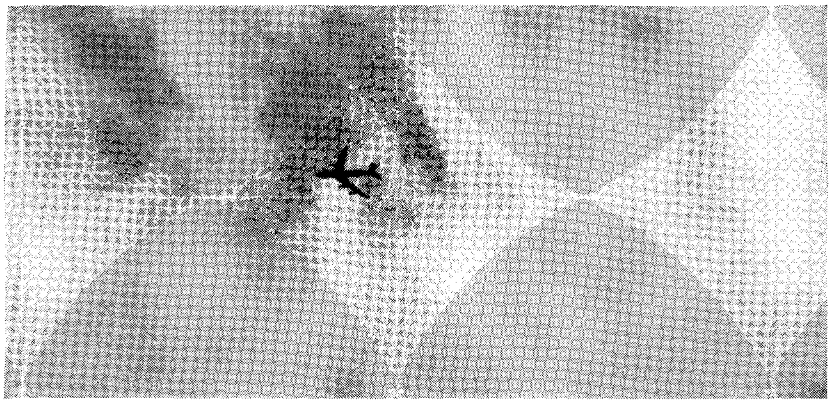
RONRICO FROM PUERTO RICO: THE DRY RUM

PUERTO RICAN RUM. 80 PROOF. WHITE OR GOLD LABEL. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y. 22

On Christmas Day, 1961, I flew American's last non fan-jet flight.

The American Airlines fan-jet story

The pilot, Captain Wynne.



Our last non fan-jet flight was Dec. 25, 1961. We now have 64 fan-jets. The next airline has 23.

When I left Chicago that day, the plane [#518] had already been given a retirement dinner.

[Roast beef, speeches and a gold watch.]

This was the last take-off with an ordinary jet that I ever made. When I landed in Los Angeles, #518 went back to the shop to become an Astrojet.

This meant fan-jet engines and 30% more power. It's quite an operation and takes a higher stabilizer, more wing sweepback, a ventral fin under the tail and so on.

In fact, American is the only transcontinental airline that has fan-jet engines on every jet in its fleet.

Today, Astrojet #518 takes off in 1/3 of a mile less runway than ordinary jets and climbs 30% faster.

And you don't have to be a pilot to tell the difference.

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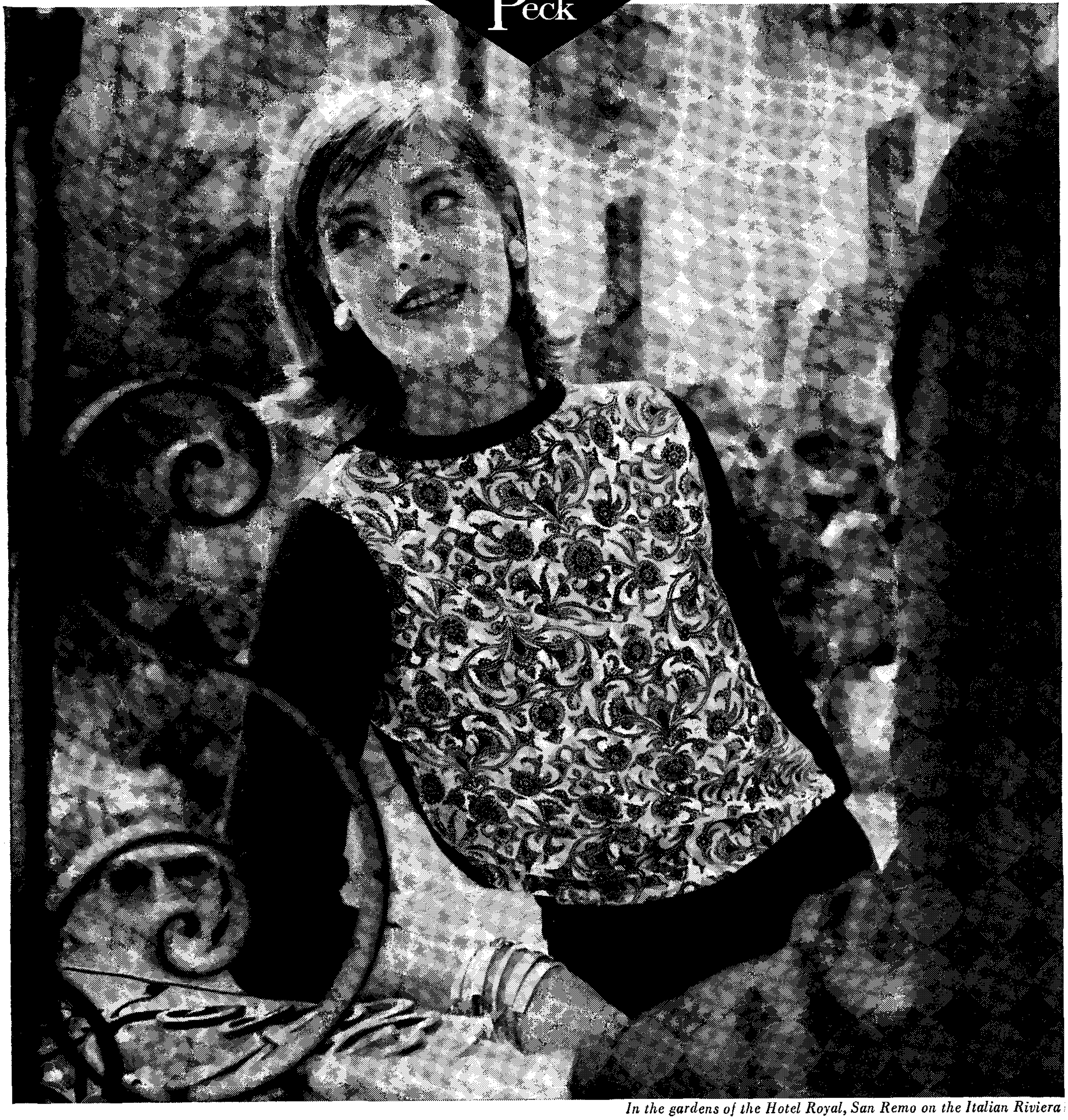

In the gardens of the Hotel Royal, San Remo on the Italian Riviera

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A twice-wonderful look for the Peck & Peck Girl

As if "Scotland's finest" cashmere weren't luxury enough in a sweater, Braemar adds this new excitement in a front of pure silk by famous Liberty of London. Black with black/white print, or Douglas blue with blue/brown. 34 to 40, *35.00*

Peck & Peck–Fifth Avenue, New York

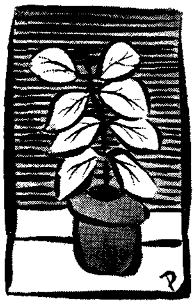
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE had another message from the long-winded lady who writes to us every once in a while. This time, she says:

“I had an early dinner last night on the second floor of the Schrafft's on Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street. When I had nearly finished, two ladies came in and took the table next to mine. They both wore very large hats and had a great many strands of pearls around their necks, and I could not help hearing every word they said, because they talked very loudly. They both owned dress shops (or perhaps they only managed them; I couldn't be sure), and they had just come from a fashion showing on Seventh Avenue, and they had once worked together in the same dress house, but until this meeting, which was now ending with dinner at Schrafft's, they had not seen each other for several years. They mentioned the names of a good many people they both knew, and each name was ticked off with a remark or two that defined the absent one's achievement or lack of it—she had married or she had not married, she was divorced, she had or had not moved away from New York, she had gone into business for herself or she had failed in business and was now working for somebody, and so on. The names clattered between the two ladies, and I had the feeling that everyone in the world was of the same size and of the same unimportance, and that we would all be disposed of very easily if these two women ever got hold of our names. The girl had brought my check and I was counting out my money when another name was mentioned, and I shall say that the name was Minnie Smith. Both ladies were eager talkers, but the more eager one said, “Oh, Minnie Smith. Nice little woman. Counts for nothing.” Then she dropped a new name, but I heard no more, because I was on my way to the cash register to pay what I owed. I rode down to the street floor in Schrafft's majestic elevator, and I walked out onto Fifth Avenue and up Fifth to Forty-ninth and along Forty-ninth to the hotel where I live, which is very close to Seventh Avenue. On my way, I passed a lot of people, of all sizes and shapes and colors and ages. I passed American soldiers and foreign sailors and delivery boys and waiters and office workers and very young girls in groups and very young boys in groups and fathers and mothers and aunts and uncles and gypsies and bootblacks and priests and policemen and taxi men and highly dressed people off for an evening on Broadway. Did I pass Minnie Smith? I shall never know. I kept thinking, Oh, Minnie Smith, what did you do to that awful woman? All the other names were dropped and squashed and left to kick themselves to death, but the name of Minnie Smith had to be obliterated, and in the obliteration she was delineated, and there she is now, larger than life. Imagine the power of Minnie Smith, who counts for nothing and is not there and can still turn the spade they are digging her grave with into a flag with her name on it. I do not expect ever to see the two ladies from Schrafft's again, and so there is very little chance that I will ever have another glimpse into the very eager one's disappointed heart, where names are arranged according to the degree of the grudge that is held against them, but one thing I am certain of—on that ever-lengthening roster, the name of Minnie Smith leads all the rest.”

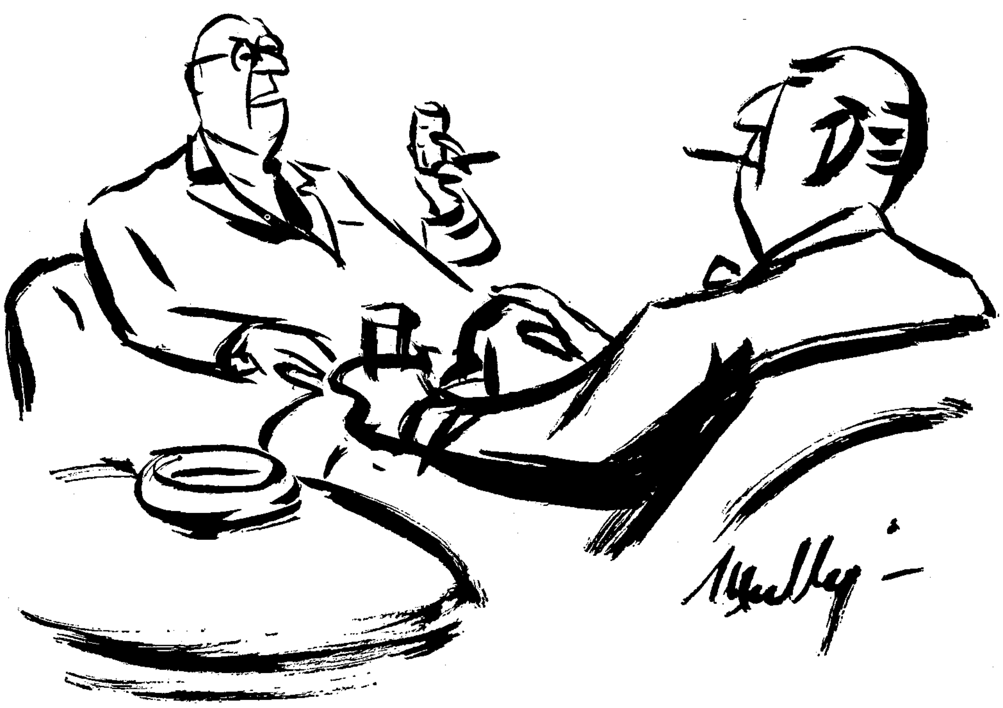


On Air

WE got up very early one recent day, drove out to Port Washington (at 6:30 A.M. the Long Island Expressway was already crowded), and returned to New York aboard the Albatross, a thirty-four-foot blue-and-white hydrofoil ferry, which took us to the foot of Wall Street. Everyone connected with American Hydrofoil Lines, the builder and operator of the Albatross, had warned us to be prepared to meet “the boat of the future.” But, seen from a pier at the Capri Marina, in Port Washington, she could easily be mistaken for a water-borne sightseeing bus. The all-important foils, which are attached to the hull the way rockers are to a cradle but act like airplane wings, are completely submerged when the boat is not in motion. We climbed aboard with her skipper, William J. Mellin, a veteran police-boat captain, who told us he has had to reëducate himself for hydrofoils. “The foils aren't the only airplanelike feature of the Albatross,” he said. “We have airplane seats, and we've had to order modified aviation radar, because the Albatross is too fast for standard marine equipment. Also, she handles more like a plane than like a boat. When the passengers move around, I can feel it in the controls.”

Perhaps fortunately, there is very little walking-around room on the Albatross, except for a small platform, for boarding and disembarking, in the stern. The rest of the deck space is taken up by an enclosed cabin (with Plexiglas picture windows all around it), and the cabin itself is taken up by twenty-four airplane seats, arranged in two double rows along a narrow center aisle. A standard diesel marine engine sits in a box behind the captain's seat, which is at the forward end of the cabin.

“We have the same kind of weight problem as an airplane, too,” the skipper went on. “The hull is welded aluminum, the foils are extruded aluminum, and the only non-essential gear we carry



"My viewpoint is this—I'm for the test ban if it works."

is in that liquor chest. We serve cocktails on the trip home."

We were joined in the cabin by Glenn Cathers, a twenty-two-year-old crewman, who lives on Staten Island and commutes two and a half hours each morning just to get to Port Washington, and by three of the charter members of the Albatross Club. There are eighteen, and they pay a hundred dollars a month for the privilege of pioneering the country's first regularly scheduled hydrofoil route. "The rest of them are either sleeping late or playing golf," Captain Mellin said indulgently.

The morning was bright and cool, visibility was perfect, and all memories of the Long Island Expressway faded like an unpleasant dream when we cast off, at 8:26, and maneuvered out into Manhasset Bay for the twenty-one-mile run to New York. Once we were clear of the moorings, the Captain eased the throttle forward and we picked up speed. As we reached eighteen miles an hour, the water dropped away from the sides of the boat, and in another moment we were foil-borne, riding, like a plane straining for flight, with our keel three feet out of the water. A few seconds more and we were skimming across the top of the swells at thirty-five miles an hour. "We're one of the fastest things in the harbor, and it's a miserably dirty harbor, so we have to be extra careful," Captain Mellin said. "You'll see rotten twelve-by-twelves go floating past. It's a constant nervous strain."

The trip down the Sound to Stepping Stone Light was uneventful. (On her maiden voyage, the Albatross had made headlines by rescuing Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn and Mr. Robert Lehman from a disabled cabin cruiser near the Light.) Now we passed under the Throggs Neck and Whitestone Bridges. The Albatross pitched and rolled, but no more than the average Long Island Rail Road car. The engine whined in its box; the passengers read their papers or stared out of the windows or climbed onto the stern platform to enjoy the breeze. At Hell Gate, where both the currents and the traffic became more dangerous, Captain Mellin demonstrated one of the anomalies of the hydrofoil. "In any other boat, when you cut across a trough—the wake of another boat, say—you throttle back, to lessen the impact. With a hydrofoil, you throttle forward, to get more lift." A big, old-fashioned red Rikers Island ferry crossed in front of us; the Albatross lurched, spray drenched her windshield, and we had a sudden feeling that the bottom was about to drop out. Then the whine of the engine rose in pitch, the boat seemed to leap forward, and all was calm again. The Captain smiled. "The worst that can happen is that we have to reduce speed to let the foils down and then belly over a trough. There's no danger of tipping. The Coast Guard tried everything and they couldn't tip us. The foils are nine inches wide at the center and they flare out to fourteen inches at each end, so the farther over you go, the more surface you put in the water. She's self-stabilizing. The company is building five more ferries, just like the Albatross, for delivery in September. We have more offers for routes than we know what to do with. After the next shipment goes out, we'll begin building forty-five- and sixty-five-footers, which will hold up to a hundred passengers."

Ahead of us now was the Manhattan skyline, covered by a reddish-gray pall that was constantly being replenished by a battery of giant smokestacks. People in passing tugs and barges and pleasure boats gawked at the Albatross and waved, and we waved back, unable to suppress a feeling of superiority. Four bridges, many gawks, and innumerable pieces of dodged driftwood later, the Albatross eased down off the foils and tied up below Pier 11. The Captain's watch said 9:07. The passengers adjusted their ties, picked up their attaché cases, and strode briskly off toward Wall Street.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The entry for "Nuts & Bolts" in the efficient and dependably alphabetical Yellow Pages of the New York Telephone Company is "See 'Bolts & Nuts.' "

A Small World

THE other day, pursuing our researches into the mechanics of the soft sell and the gentle art of public relations, we set out to bask for a short while in the corporate good will of the Pepsi-Cola Company. To put it another way, we dropped in at the Waldorf, where, we had heard, the Pepsi people were offering a banquet lunch to the New York press corps by way of making known a scheme to turn their 1964-65 World's Fair pavilion into a tribute to UNICEF. Arriving at noon, we found ourself in the presence of Walt Disney, the mastermind of the Pepsi plan; Robert Moses, the president of the Fair; Helenka Pantaleoni, the president of the United States Committee for UNICEF; and Herbert Barnet, the president of Pepsi-Cola. They were seated around a long, draped table at the far end of the Starlight Roof, cheerfully replying to some rather pointed financial queries from the several hundred reporters present. The Pepsi public-relations man, D. Mitchell Cox, stood on a dais, smiling down on this unlikely collection of V.I.P.s and enumerating, into a microphone, the many wonders of Mr. Disney's blueprint for an electronically powered boat trip around an animated-cartoon world of UNICEF children, with such colorful stops as Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Several real children, in pastel kimonos, white Nehru suits, and various other ethnic party clothes, were busy passing out glasses of Pepsi-Cola and plastic press kits stamped with the face of Mickey Mouse. Bright pictures of Mr. Disney's UNICEF world—to be called It's a Small World—hung on every wall, and a scale model of its reception room stood on the dais in front of the public-relations man.

"It's a Small World," Mr. Cox was saying, with due pride, as we edged within earshot, "will cost the Messrs. Disney and Barnet over four million dollars to build. Mr. Disney's writing a song for it. It'll be *tremendous*. Another 'Heigh-Ho.' Everybody will be whistling it. Everybody loves Disney. He's got friends all over the world."

"Hitler didn't like me," Mr. Disney remarked modestly. Hitler, he said, had banned Mickey Mouse watches from Germany. He was discussing this with the reporters when Mr. Moses suddenly rose from his bridge chair and took the microphone.

"I've had forty years' experience with popular resorts, like Jones Beach, and I know what I'm doing," Mr. Moses said, by way of introducing himself. He then marched solemnly over to Mr. Barnet and, calling for silence, handed the soda-pop king a large golden disc. "This is a World's Fair Medallion," he said, "and I'm presenting it to Herbert Barnet in recognition of his great contribution to this great World's Fair."

Everybody clapped politely, and Mr. Barnet bowed, grinned, and announced that lunch was served. We left the press feasting on shrimp creole and beef Stroganoff.

Oversight

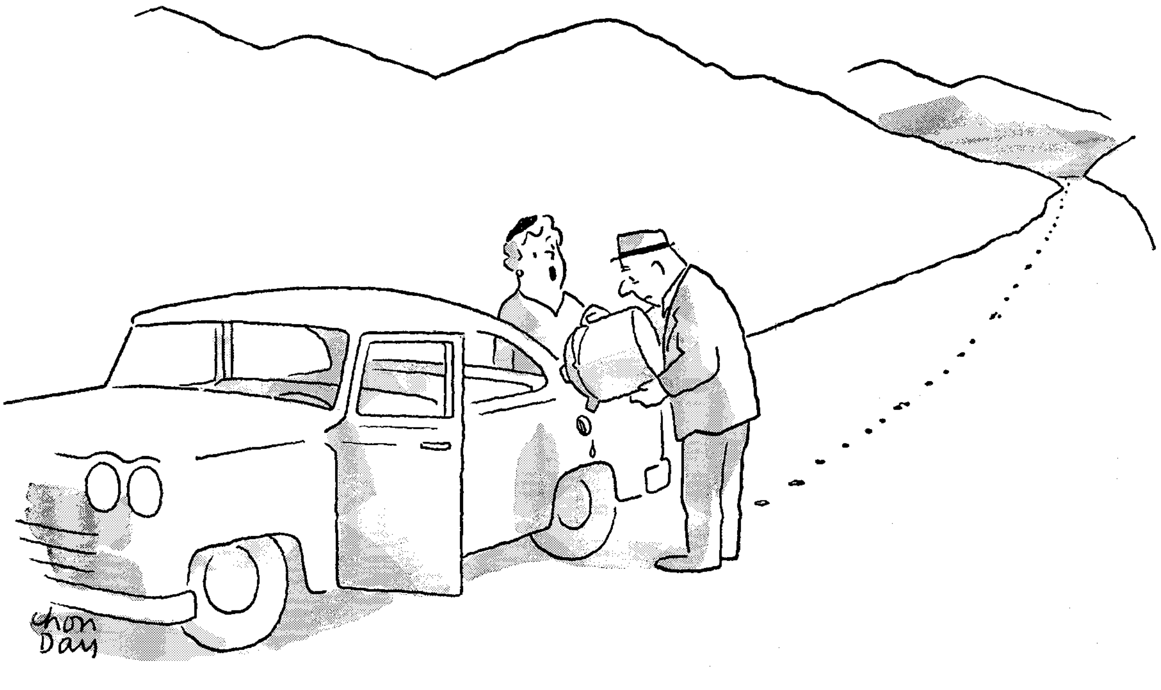
A HAPLESS man we know was the victim of a pickpocket recently, but the culprit, obeying an unwritten law of his trade, returned our friend's wallet, sans cash, by dropping it into a mailbox. The Post Office Department dutifully forwarded the remains with a C.O.D. bill for ten cents and the following form letter:

DEAR PATRON:
The enclosure, without addressed wrapper, was found loose in the mails and therefore could not be delivered.
We urge you to:
WRAP securely.
ADDRESS plainly.
ZONE your mail.
INCLUDE YOUR RETURN ADDRESS IN upper left corner.
MAIL EARLY IN THE DAY.

Fund

WE visited the offices of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People last week for a report on the Evers Scholarship Fund. This is the fund that the N.A.A.C.P. set up on June 13th—the day after its Mississippi field secretary, Medgar W. Evers, was shot in the back—to help Mrs. Evers meet the expense of educating the three Evers children. We were pleased to hear from Miss Mildred Bond, an administrative assistant of the N.A.A.C.P. who is overseeing the drive, that the college education of Darryl Kenyatta Evers, Reena Denise Evers, and James Van Dyke Evers—now aged nine, eight, and three, respectively—is assured. The fund already amounts to $42,963.09—$12,963.09 more than the minimum goal that the N.A.A.C.P. had set. Miss Bond, who is young and slim and cheerful, and occasionally whistles at her desk, told us that she was encouraged by the generosity of the fund's donors and even more encouraged by the spirit in which they had given. "We're a close-knit family, like any crisis organization, and naturally we were all strongly affected by Mr. Evers' death," she said. "What we could not expect was that so many other people would feel the same way. They were shocked, and they were also ashamed. The donors felt themselves responsible—not for Mr. Evers' death but for allowing the continued existence of a situation in which such a man could be killed. And, of course, they were all deeply concerned about the future of the children."

A number of people, Miss Bond informed us, had dropped in to make their donations personally, including two or three whom she found waiting on the doorstep with offers of help the morning Evers was shot—before the N.A.A.C.P. had even had time to think of a fund. But the letters that accompanied the mailed contributions, she continued, were even more impressive. She produced some and invited us to look them over, and we discovered that the notes attached to the small contributions generally contained the most articulate expressions of shock and shame. An eleven-year-old girl sent a dollar and fifteen cents, which she had been saving toward buying a schnauzer puppy. "Does Old Glory wave so Americans can be foolish?" her letter asked, and then answered itself: "Of course not!" A hospitalized man sent a dollar, with a note that read, "I'm a patient lying



"But didn't it strike you as odd that the farther you walked the lighter it got?"

down in bed here with leg troubles; it's not too much, but I know that one plus one plus one will add up to a large amount." A housewife asked for "the privilege of having a small share in the training of the children." One man addressed himself directly to Darryl, Denise, and James:

> My Dear Children:
>
> The great fundamentals of life are sweetly simple, clear, and ever-present. This is proved by the lifework of your father....

"Working here, you just have to develop a certain amount of detachment about brutality," Miss Bond said when we had finished reading the letters. "The tremendous reaction to the scholarship-fund drive is a nice reminder that most people aren't yet shockproof."

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SIGN in the window of the Lindenview Bake Shop, in Flushing: "In order to serve you better, we will be closed on Mondays."

The Mess

FOR a week or two, we tried answering all the talk about the Mess on Macdougal Street with an indulgent smile, but finally, one unseasonably cool Saturday evening, we could no longer resist wandering down that way to see the Mess for ourself, and we found that quite a few other citizens had succumbed to curiosity that same evening. As we walked from Eighth Street past the quiet mews called Macdougal Alley and along Washington Square Park, on the section of Macdougal Street that is north of Fourth Street and has never been accused of being a mess, we had the feeling of being in a crowd that was walking briskly from a parking lot to some place like the Yale Bowl. In fact, we thought we recognized a few faces from past parking-lot walks. Most of the people were well-dressed—some middle-aged couples, the men in dark suits and the women in clothes suggesting that they had just been to a fairly expensive restaurant for Saturday dinner; quite a few collegiate-looking couples, in splashes of khaki and madras; and only a sprinkling of people in blue jeans and sandals. As we crossed Fourth Street, where a policeman directing traffic served as a warning that we were approaching the Mess, one of the women behind us said to her companion, "I'm telling you, it's an education just to come and look."

On the block between Fourth and Third, however, we could find little that was enlightening. One side of the street is taken up by the New York University Law School, and the other side, despite the presence of a restaurant called The Scoop, has the respectability of familiar names, such as the Champagne Gallery and the Provincetown Playhouse. At Third Street, we were greeted by a woman selling flowers; then a young man thrust a flyer for a Village night club into our hand, and another gave us a mimeographed invitation to spend an evening hearing S. Shepard Sherbell read from his own works at the Café Rienzi. Suddenly feeling surrounded by people—people choking the sidewalk, people in cars, people on motorcycles, blue-uniformed people on horses—we realized we had entered the Mess.

Macdougal Street between Third and Bleecker is lined with old five- and six-story tenements, their bricks dark with grime, their façades laced with fire escapes. On the ground floors are some small grocery stores and other shops serving the apartments, but these are almost lost amid brightly lighted coffee bars and cafés, open-front pizza parlors, and restaurants, bars, and curio shops. Most of the people were strolling slowly up and down the street between Third and Bleecker, as if they had no particular destination in mind. Some of them were carrying pieces of pizza or paper cups filled with Italian ices. Occasionally, they would almost stop as they bent low to peer inside a basement café when the door opened and a few bars of a folk song or of flamenco guitar music could be heard. Many of them examined each other: the well-dressed people we had noticed on the way over; some girls in blue jeans, blue sweaters, and blue eyeshadow; three sailors in white standing near two young men in identical white blazers; a boy and a girl wearing white pants, which were partly covered by shaggy sweaters, which, in turn, were partly covered by long, straight hair; three men in blue jeans and cowboy hats; a man in a sleeveless sweatshirt, a beret, and sandals; students wearing N.Y.U., American University, and Long Island University sweatshirts; a man holding a huge black Great Dane by the collar with one hand and a girl dressed entirely in black with the other. A crowd of twenty or thirty people had gathered around a portrait gallery just south of Third Street, where two artists were doing portraits in copper and another was making a charcoal sketch of a girl. The gallery was filled with portraits and reproductions, and also with sweatshirts that said, "U.S.A. Drinking Team," "Moscow University," and "Fink University." The people watching the artists were silent except for an occasional mild disagreement about how good the likenesses were. Nearby, four hefty women, each of them with her hair pulled back in a bun and two of them carrying copies of the Sunday *News*, could be heard arguing about the merits of Carmine DeSapio, the former Democratic district co-leader in the Village, who has raised the issue of the Mess on Macdougal Street in his campaign to regain his post; all of them referred to Mr. DeSapio by his first name.

MAIN'S HOTEL

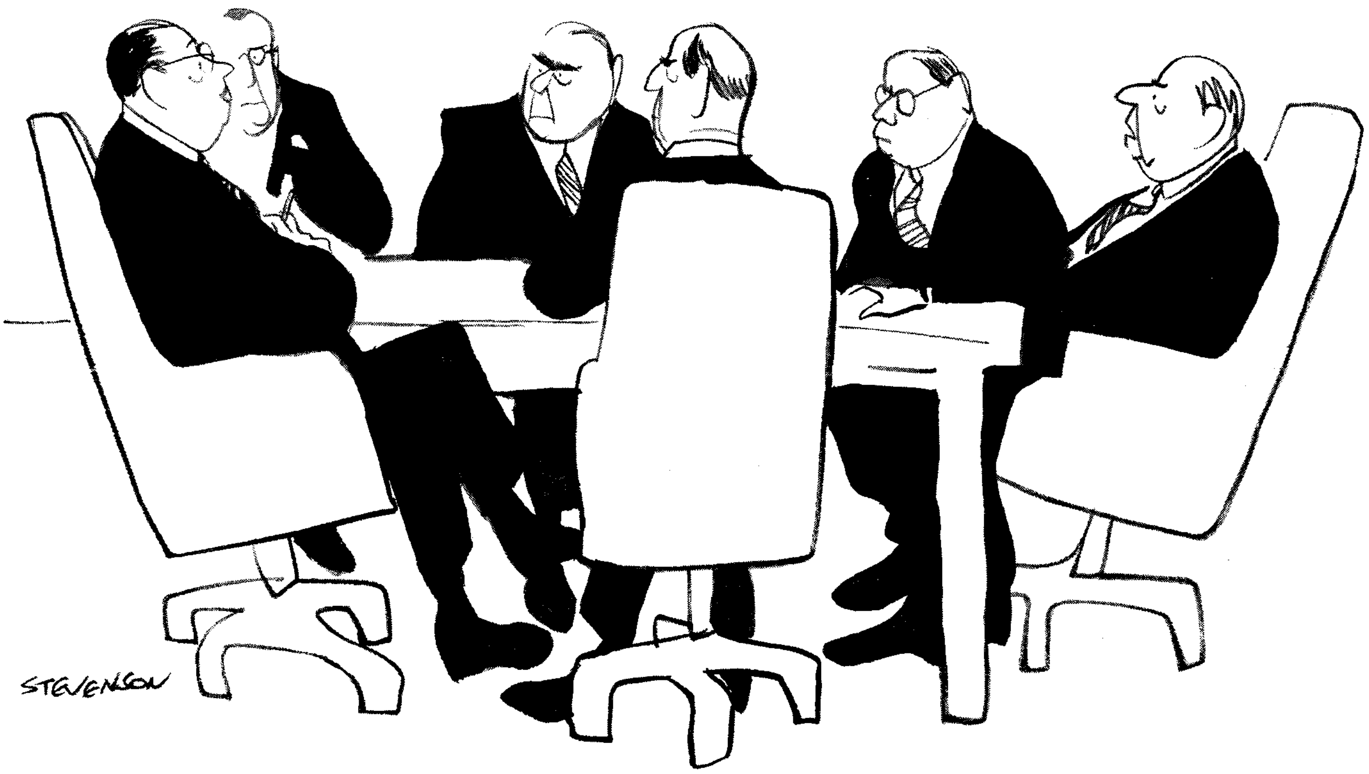
Before we could determine how Mr. DeSapio was faring in the discussion, we were attracted by a sizable crowd down the street, near the Café Basement. Two patrolmen, dismounted and leading their horses, were lecturing a young man who had been driving a large car with Colorado license plates. The policemen and the driver were talking quietly in the middle of the street, out of hearing range of the onlookers, but the crowd did not break up until the driver had been allowed to return to his car and continue his slow progress down Macdougal Street.

"I think the car scared the horse," a man said to the girl with him as the crowd started to drift away.

"Do you want to go into one of these places or not?" the girl said.

Another member of the crowd, a young man in khaki pants and a button-down shirt, said, "I want to find the Bitter End. It's a far-out club."

We had heard a lot about the barkers on Macdougal Street, and we were delighted to see a man standing in front of the cluttered, multicolored marquee of the Café Wha? who looked just the way a barker ought to look. His outfit included a straw boater, a bright-red vest, and, pinned to the vest, a small sign saying that the Café Wha? was the "biggest and swingingest" café in the Village. But the barker was chatting quietly with some friends, and we didn't hear him address a remark to a stranger all evening. Another barker—the only other barker we could find on Macdougal Street—stood in front of the Café Why Not?, an equally interrogatory and similarly designed café across the street, but he only murmured an occasional "nocovernominimum,"



"We don't find it terribly amusing, Porter, to have you refer to our bank and trust company as Cosa Nostra."

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like a man who is selling something legal but slightly embarrassing. Some writing on the window of the Café Why Not? said, "NO cover, minimum, admission, atmosphere, hospitality, or talent. BAD coffee, food, service. And the Manager is a Rat Fink." As we walked by, we could hear two or three voices singing, ". . . so it's dark as a dungeon way down in a my-en."

In a short stretch of street outside the Café Caricature, the Café Basement, and the Gaslight Café, the crowd had jammed up. A mounted policeman edged his horse between the traffic and the sidewalk, and shouted, "Hey, let's keep movin', huh? You're blocking the whole sidewalk up!" We moved with the crowd toward Bleecker, past the Café Id, which was closed, and three or four pizza parlors. At Bleecker Street, another policeman, his back pocket bulging with green parking tickets, was directing traffic. Two patrolmen on horses were nearby, and a uniformed captain and sergeant were holding a discussion on the corner. The Mess on Macdougal Street, we noticed, had seeped onto Bleecker a bit, as it had onto Third. One café on Bleecker, about half a block from Macdougal, was called the Dragon's Den and featured flamenco music; another, right across the street, was called the Flamenco and had two folk singers. Past Bleecker, though, Macdougal Street itself was dark, and almost undisturbed by cafés.

Returning to the center of the Mess, we found that a brief fight had taken place, attracting a large crowd, and that some policemen had moved in to carry off a Negro man. We were near a group of three men watching the action, and heard one of them say, "Why didn't he take the white man, too?"

"The white man was gone," one of his friends said.

"No, he wasn't," the first man said.

"Yeah, I think he was," the third man said.

Two well-dressed couples passed by. "There are two bag stores off Delancey Street that have the best bags," one of the men was saying. "They have your best brands, whatever you want. I could get it for you through the store if you want, but I think you should see these places."

A few minutes later, one of the cars moving slowly down Macdougal stalled, and six or seven young men quickly gathered to help the driver peer beneath the hood. A mounted policeman came to watch, and a small crowd assembled to pet his horse. Down the street, a few more people stopped to watch a policeman give a summons to a motorcyclist for not having proper lights.

We wandered back toward Third Street—past the Nevermore Restaurant ("Portraits! Profile $3.50. Full Face $5.00. Be Sketched While You Eat"), the Den of the Forty Thieves, the Fat Black Pussycat Theatre Tea House, whose huge wooden doors were closed and barred, and the Caffè Reggio, whose ornate *espresso* machine and quiet interior seemed to belong to some other neighborhood—and when we were nearly there, we saw two or three of the most disreputable-looking visitors we had seen since entering the Mess. They came out of a bar and swaggered down Macdougal, talking loudly. One said, "Cool it, man! There's a bull around the corner." The bull, standing with three or four other bulls, heard them, but he only smiled, and they continued down the street.

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CONVERSATION overheard on a Fifth Avenue bus between a blue-haired woman and a thin-lipped driver:

"What is the next stop, please?"

"Twenty-fifth."

"And the next one?"

"Twenty-seventh, lady."

"And after that?"

"Twenty-ninth. Look, lady, where are you going?"

"Forty-fourth Street."

THE PIANO PLAYER

OUTSIDE Brian's window, five-year-old Priscilla Hess, square and squat as a mailbox (red sweater, blue lumpy corduroy pants), looked around poignantly for someone to wipe her overflowing nose. There was a butterfly locked inside that mailbox, surely; would it ever escape? Or was the quality of mailboxness stuck to her forever, like her parents, like her name? The sky was sunny and blue. A fillet of green Silly Putty vanished inside fat Priscilla Hess, and he turned to greet his wife, who was crawling through the door on her hands and knees.

"Yes?" he said. "What now?"

"I'm ugly," she said, sitting back on her haunches. "Our children are ugly."

"Nonsense," Brian said sharply. "They're wonderful children. Wonderful and beautiful. Other people's children are ugly, not our children. Now get up and go back out to the smoke room. You're supposed to be curing a ham."

"The ham died," she said. "I couldn't cure it. I tried everything. You don't love me any more. The penicillin was stale. I'm ugly and so are the children. It said to tell you goodbye."

"*It*?"

"The ham," she said. "Is one of our children named Ambrose? Somebody named Ambrose has been sending us telegrams. How many children do we have now? Four? Five? Do you think they're heterosexual?" She made a *moue* and ran a hand through her artichoke hair. "The house is rusting away. Why did you want a steel house? Why did I think I wanted to live in Connecticut? I don't know."

"Get up," he said softly. "Get up, dearly beloved. Stand up and sing. Sing 'Parsifal.'"

"I want a Triumph," she said from the floor. "A TR-4. Everyone in Stamford, every single person, has one but me. If you gave me a TR-4, I'd put our ugly children in it and drive away. To Cambridge. I'd take all the ugliness out of your life."

"A green one?"

"A *red* one," she said menacingly. "Red with red leather seats."

"Aren't you supposed to be chipping paint?" he asked. "I bought us an electronic data-processing system. An I.B.M."

"I want to go to Cambridge," she said. "I want to talk to Archibald MacLeish and take him for a ride in my red TR-4. The children can swim in the Charles. We have a lot to talk about, Archie and me."

"Why don't you take off those shoulder pads?" Brian said kindly. "It's too bad about the ham."

"*I loved that ham!*" she said viciously. "When you galloped into the University of Texas on your roan Volvo, I thought you were going to *be somebody*. I gave you my hand. You put rings on it. Rings that my mother gave me. I thought you were going to be distinguished, like Archie."

He showed her his broad, shouldered back. "Everything is in flitters," he said. "Play the piano, won't you?"

"You always were afraid of my piano," she said. "My four or five children are afraid of the piano. *You taught them to be afraid of it!* The Modigliani is on fire, but I don't suppose you care."

"What can we eat," he asked, "with the ham gone?"

"There's some Silly Putty in the deep freeze," she said tonelessly.

"Rain is falling," he observed. "Rain or something."

"When you graduated from the Wharton School of Business," she said, "I thought, *At last!* I thought, *Now we can move to Stamford and have interesting neighbors!* But they're not interesting. The Modigliani is interesting, but the light's so bad. The mailbox is *rather* interesting. The man didn't open it at 3:31 P.M. today. He was five minutes late. The government lied again."

With a gesture of impatience, Brian turned on the light. The great burst of electricity illuminated her upturned tiny face. Eyes like snow peas, he thought. Tamar dancing. My name in the dictionary—in the back. The Law of Bilateral Good Fortune. Piano bread, perhaps. A nibble of pain running through the Western World. Coriolanus.

"Oh, God," she said, from the floor. "Look at my knees."

Brian looked. Her knees were blushing.

"It's senseless, senseless, senseless," she said. "I've been caulking the medicine chest. What for? I don't know. You've got to give me more money. Ben is bleeding. Bessie wants to be an S.S. man. She's reading 'The Rise and Fall.' She's identified with Himmler. Is that her name? Bessie?"

"Yes. Bessie."

"What's the other one's name? The blond one?"

"Billy. Named after your father. Your dad."

"You've got to get me an air hammer. To clean the children's teeth. What's the name of that disease? They'll all have it, every single one, if you don't get me an air hammer."

"And a compressor," Brian said. "And a Pinetop Smith record. I remember."

She lay on her back. The shoulder pads clattered against the terrazzo. Her number, 17, was written large on her chest. Her eyes were screwed tight shut.

"Altman's is having a sale," she said. "Maybe I should go in."

"Listen," he said. "Get up. Go into the grape arbor. I'll trundle the piano out there. You've been chipping too much paint."

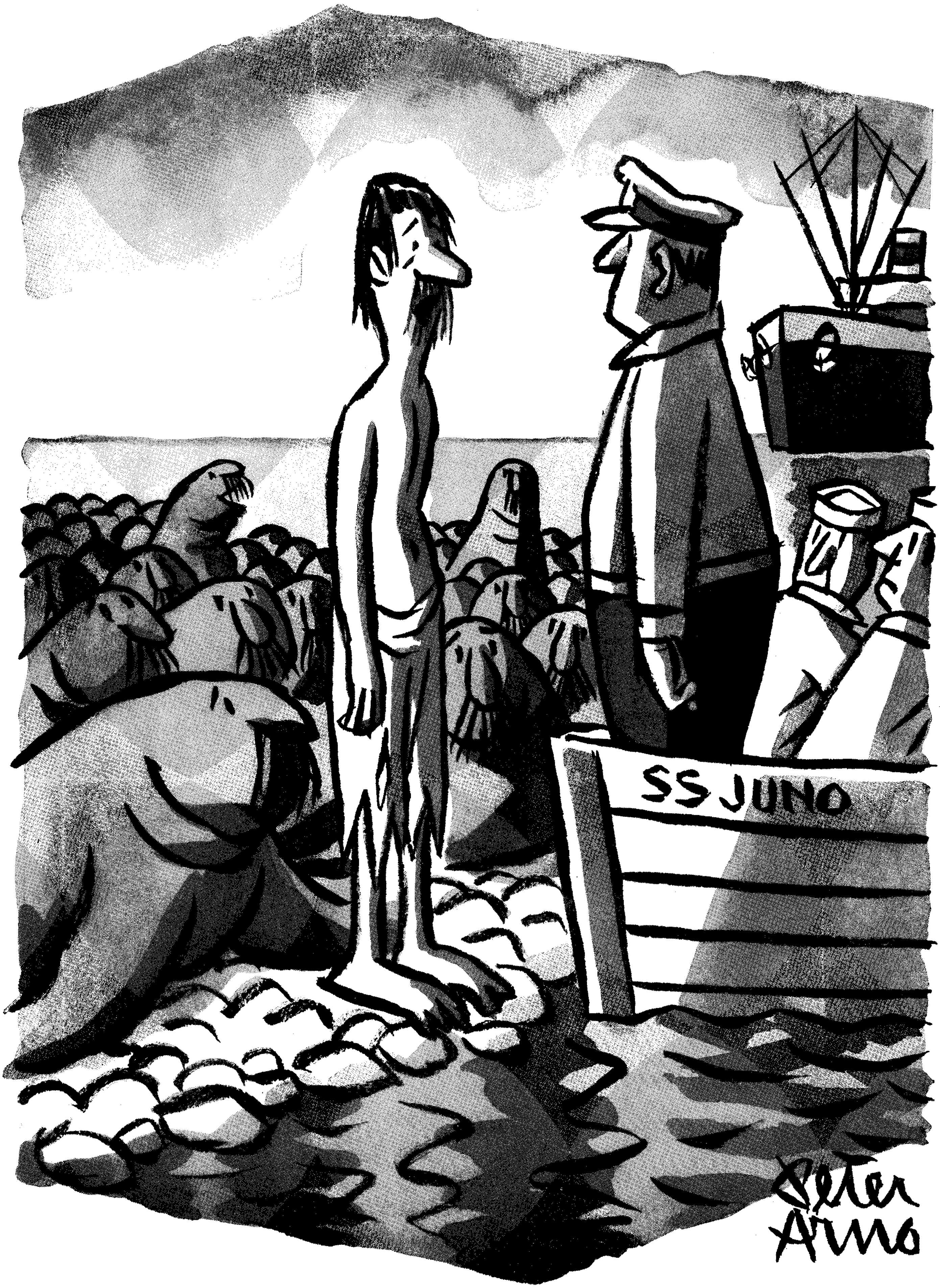
"You wouldn't touch that piano," she said. "Not in a million years."

"You really think I'm afraid of it?"

"Not in a million years," she said, "you phony."

"All right," Brian said quietly. "All *right*." He strode over to the piano. He took a good grip on its black varnishedness. He began to trundle it across the room, and, after a slight hesitation, it struck him dead.

—DONALD BARTHELME


SS JUNO
Peter Arno

"*They think I'm their leader.*"

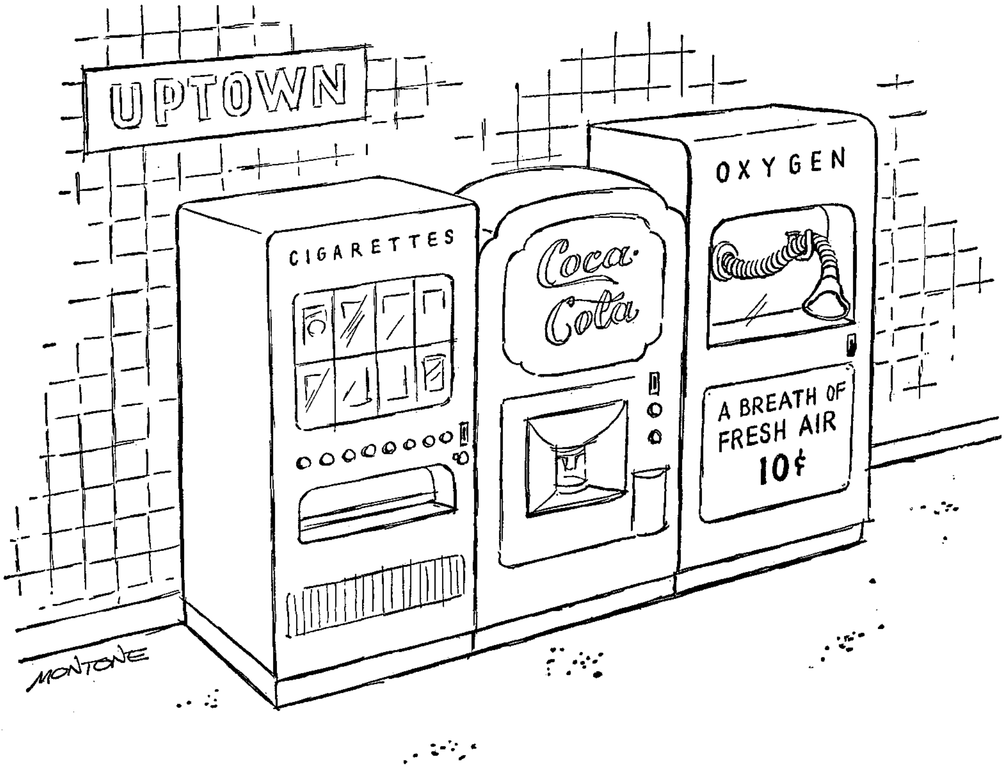
THE ANCIENT STRENGTH

THE big Pueblo Indian dances—the "line dances," with many dancers in formation, a chorus of men's voices, and a powerful, big drum, or sometimes two—have a quality of surge and ebb that fills the whole village and slowly takes possession of you if you will give it time and yield yourself to it. You don't even have to pay attention all the time, any more than the Indians do. Like them, you meet friends, talk a little, you eat at this house and that, you stand or sit to watch the dance again—nothing too much—and let the ceremony surround you and fill you.

It was while this was happening in the heat and dust at San Leandro, and I was sitting in the shade on the low adobe bench that runs along the foot of the wall of my friend Juan Rael's house, and a corner of my mind was considering the captive eagles on the housetops, and the sense of antiquity colored all my thinking, that I seriously thought for the first time that my mission might really be blocked by the very nature of these Indians, and I had a new understanding of why old Sorenson, who knows the Pueblos better than anyone else now living, had told me that if I wanted to dig in the San Leandro rubbish heap I should be sure I completed negotiations for permission before the people got involved in the big July ceremony, commonly and erroneously called the Eagle Home Dance, the one I was now absorbing.

What I was up to requires some explaining. San Leandro is a Piro-speaking pueblo on the Rio Grande, not far from Santa Fe, New Mexico, that has been right where it is since at least Coronado's time. Some years ago, it filed a claim against the United States under the Indian Claims Act, for which purpose it is represented by a firm of attorneys. The claim is opposed by the Department of Justice. The evidence on both sides in Indian claims cases may involve history, ethnology, and archeology. Both sides commission all sorts of research, some of which has resulted in data of anthropological importance. It was in such a connection that I came in on the San Leandro case. Archeological evidence was needed to support the pueblo's claim, and the lawyers thought that perhaps I would be able to find it. Pueblo-Anasazi archeology is my field—my name, by the way, is Hendricks, and I am an assistant professor in the anthropology department at the University of Northern California. I have worked in Pueblo country for more than a dozen seasons, mostly in the Tewa and Piro sections. I was, I suppose, as well qualified as anyone for what they wanted, and I would be in the neighborhood anyhow, digging in the Rio Azulito site, the ruin of an ancient pueblo ten miles away.

The tribe was asking compensation for the loss of some twenty thousand acres of good grazing land south of its grant. It claimed that it had occupied and used this tract, commonly known as El Cajón, continuously and notoriously since time immemorial and, in historic times, with the knowledge and at least the tacit consent of the Spanish crown, the Mexican Republic, and then the United States. In the turmoil of the Confederate invasion of New Mexico in 1862 and the increased Apache and Navajo raiding that followed, a group of white men had wrongfully and by force seized El Cajón and converted it to their use. The land has a perennial stream on it, fed by three springs, and even today, when conditions are drier than they were a century ago, supports some four hundred head of cattle without overgrazing.



I'm no lawyer, but I agreed with the pueblo's lawyers that it looked as if El Cajón really had belonged to the pueblo by right of aboriginal use and occupancy, in which case the U.S. failed in its duty to protect the Indians and they had compensation coming to them. The lawyers thought it might run to as much as a hundred thousand dollars. Proof that would stand up in court, however, was not as strong as it ought to be. It was possible that I, by archeological means, could provide the additional quantum that would win the case.

A short distance downstream from the largest of the El Cajón springs are the ruins of a settlement of five houses, and near them you can see where some fields were dry-farmed. The San Leandros state that the houses were used as summer lodgings by members of the pueblo who worked that land up to the time of the Civil War, and also served as shelters for shepherds. A field study group from the museum in Santa Fe had worked there one season a few years ago. Their findings confirmed that it was probably an Indian rather than a Spanish-American settlement, that it had been occupied or visited in the mid-nineteenth century, and that sheep had been penned nearby over a long period of time. The crucial period for our case was after 1846, for Uncle Sam could not be held responsible for land lost under Mexican or Spanish sovereignty. We needed to prove that it was definitely San Leandro Indians, and not people from any one of several neighboring pueblos, who had lived in those houses, and that they were living there up to the period of the Civil War.

Pieces of Indian pottery had been found, but they were Picuris and Tewa wares that were being widely traded in the mid-nineteenth century. Anybody could have had them. There were also some pieces of a curious pottery, marked by delicate floral designs in black on white, that did not connect with anything known but was plainly of Indian manufacture. Chemical anal-

"*Look where you're going!*"

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ysis showed that the clay was a compound of earths from sources still used by several pueblos, including San Leandro. These shards, the remains of not more than three smallish bowls, could be diagnostic and conclusive.

The lawyers found several old men and women who stated that the shards were indeed from a type of pottery made in San Leandro by their own grandmothers, and that there used to be examples of it around in their time. Unfortunately, Barnes, the director of the museum's dig (and the Department of Justice boys will make the most of his testimony, don't worry), stated that at the time that he unearthed those shards he showed them to San Leandro Indians and drew nothing but blank looks. The point could be made that when Barnes questioned the Indians, neither he nor they had any axe to grind, whereas later the San Leandros had a strong reason to claim the pottery.

The thing was more pro-and-connish than that. I looked Barnes up as soon as I got to Santa Fe. He's a good man, with a sound field technique. His scratching around that little settlement had been a hasty thing, although there was no question about the finding of the shards, and he had had no time to make careful inquiries about them. He had simply shown them to Indians from various pueblos when opportunity offered, then shoved them into a tray, to be dealt with at some future time. He and I had a drink together after his office hours. Over the drink, he remarked that the government's failure to protect the Indians' use of El Cajón was due to the confusion caused by the Confederate, or Texan, invasion. The Department of Justice ought to concede the point, he said, and the pueblo should accept compensation in Confederate money. I passed this suggestion on to one of the lawyers when he was out here. He did not think it funny.

Obviously, what was needed was archeological evidence that the floral pottery was a San Leandro ware of the crucial period. The place to look for that was in the San Leandro trash heap, which brings me to the matter of trash heaps in general and San Leandro's in particular.

Ever since the days of the Anasazi cliff dwellers—nay, before that, back into the Basket Maker II period at least, two thousand years ago—the ancestors of the present Indians were in the habit of throwing their trash out of their settlements, preferably where there was a drop. (I know, the Basket Makers were longheaded and the Pueblos are brachy, but let's not get into labile cephalic indexes, the dolicho remains at Pecos, and all that; it's too complicated.) We do not know when they adopted the present Pueblo custom of an annual village cleaning, but it was probably long ago, and we know that the Indians have been doing it for hundreds of years. San Leandro's trash heap is typical. The village lies on an old alluvial terrace of the Rio Grande that falls off sharply to the east and north. The annual dumping takes place over the terrace's northern edge; through the centuries, this has created a sort of talus slope that should make very juicy digging. There, below the level of bottles and broken phonograph records, and the red-on-black pottery now made at San Leandro, mostly for sale, one might find the floral black-on-white.

One might, if one could get permission to dig there. It was thoughtful of the Old People to dump their rubbish once each year in the same place, for thereby they have provided archeologists with quite beautiful and exact stratifications. (For example, if the floral ware was what we hoped, it would turn up in association with American-made articles of various kinds, and that would be sufficient.) It was not thoughtful, however, of the Old People to provide their descendants with a set of religious beliefs that makes it extremely difficult—in many cases, impossible—to get permission to dig in their rubbish. You run into remarks about Dust Boy (whoever he is), references to the spirit of the past, and vague remarks about ancestors, and what you are likely to get in the end is a rather convoluted negative answer.

Yet, when they approached me, the lawyers seemed to think I would have little trouble getting permission. They had already met several times over the past year with the tribal council to go over the ins and outs of the case. The Indians understood that evidence from the trash heap could be crucial, the lawyers said, and were ready to talk with me. I had been working around San Leandro for several seasons and had used some San Leandro workmen. Several members of the council knew me, or had heard of me, and they would be prepared for my coming. I would be preceded by a lengthy letter from the lawyers, introducing me and setting forth, once more, the reasons evidence from the trash heap was essential. I was offered forty dollars a day for time spent in actual work, including a few days, if needed, for negotiations. Then, if the results justified it, I would be in line for what looked to an assistant professor like a very nice sum indeed for appearing as an expert witness.

When the offer was made to me, I went to old Sorenson, who, as I have said, knows the Pueblos better than any of us, and asked his advice. He said, "It can't do any harm. You know those people well enough to know you can't push them; all you can do is ask nicely and hope. Anyone in the academic line who doesn't pick up a little extra money when he can do so properly and legitimately should have his head examined."

I said, "I'm going on with my work at Rio Azulito, which is only ten miles away. If they'll give me permission, I can bring a couple of good students, and if we go in from the bottom I trust we can get into some older stuff while we're at it. It would be nice to get some contact material." (Contact material means from when the Spanish were first settling in.)

"You'll have to feel your way. Two helpers might look too big to them, but take your opportunities as they come, just so you don't get the Indians angry and foul things up for others."

I answered politely, but not without betraying some annoyance. "I hope I'm not utterly irresponsible."

Sorenson laughed. "One can't take anything for granted. But one thing—get out there as early as you can, right after exams end, and try to get permission firmly granted and work started before that July wingding of theirs comes up, the ceremony that ends with the Eagles Return Rite."

"The Eagle Home Dance? When they sacrifice eagles at the end?"

"Yes. Only you know that's a thoroughly incorrect name. You'll hear some of them speak of it as the Pueblo Houses Dance. That's still not the real name, I'm quite sure, but it's suggestive. Considering that the principal chief or head priest of a Hopi pueblo is called Houses Chief, and that you have the idea of corporate power, which is created or amassed . . ." He was talking to himself at that point. I listened, trying to follow his thoughts; then the big bell rang for the first afternoon class and I had to hurry off.

I WASN'T able to follow Sorenson's advice. One overcomes the obstacles one thinks are important, and I didn't know enough, and he didn't explain enough, for me to think I should take what he said seriously. The main thing I had gone to him for, after all, was his approval of my having a try at the work, and with that in hand I forgot much of the rest. Then, that year I had only one experienced man and three new undergraduates, one of whom had had one field season. On top of that, the Rio Azulito site is on private land, the ranch of a Spanish-American named Robles, and Mr. Robles had got it into his head, for the second time, that we were going to extract a fortune from the ruin. That meant that when we got there he was all braced to demand a new contract, with an enormous fee, and after that was smoothed over he, or members of his family, were always hanging around watching to see what we took out of the ground. They got in the way, and I was worried that they'd fall into a trench and mess up the strata, or be seized by an urge to dig themselves, or something like that. Give me a site on Indian or federal land any day, where everyone understands the rules and you have a binding permit.

Under the circumstances, I did not feel too free about leaving the site. I finally made it to San Leandro on a Sunday morning at the end of June, to find that the governor—the official head of the tribe—was away. The lieutenant governor was in the room they keep for an office, with a sign over the door that says "GOVERNOR" in large letters and under that, smaller, "GET PHOTO PERMITS HERE." San Leandro is what you might call a progressive-traditional tribe. The people keep up their ceremonies and other ancient practices with vigor, and at the same time they have TV, piped water, and things like that. They have a conscious program for hanging on to the old, Indian values while adapting to the modern world; it will be a neat trick if they can make it work. Part of the plan is to select each year's governor from among the older men, the lieutenant governor from among the younger ones—preferably a veteran—and let the two generations learn from each other. This year's lieutenant governor was Juan Rael, a Navy veteran. He had worked for me on Tsepo Ruin three years before, and he had read the lawyers' letter about me.

Juan was cordial. He explained the governor's absence and told me, somewhat apologetically, that the council had not formally discussed my business. It would require a regular council meeting, he said. Now that so many of the San Leandros were working away from home for wages, there was sometimes trouble getting a full council together. He said that one man, Anastacio Pérez, was in Denver, remarking, "He's kind of on the young side, but he has his specialty, you might say, so there are things you can't settle unless he's here."

I thought it worth taking time to strengthen my relationship with this man and to indoctrinate him as well as I could. He had made it clear that he considered the claim important, and he de-

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MUSHROOMS

By three spindle-trees far from
the far stars once in a dream,
in a dream I stood alone
beneath a varicose moon
that hung by the Little Wood
still. And though no wind had blown

that night, yet the bulrushes
swished and the parching grasses,
sibilant with the hustle
of dry vipers, were alive
with scales. I ground the pestle
of each treetop as I moved

into the moon's mortar, fled
through aspens where fear quivered
me still from the lisping fields,
until, exhausted, I fell
among mushrooms and lay cold
with the shudder of them all

about me. I watched them grow
with a shuffle of mold through
dead leaves, taking the color
of the night that conceived them,
pink and brown in the pallor
of a falling, flecked moonbeam,

black in the shadow of roots.
And in that flicker of plants,
only the nightshade I knew
by name, knew that its berries
would fall and die where they grew
and poison drain away. Those

other growths—unkillable,
teeming coolie-caps, fungal
infections on an oak-bark,
all the fine spores that I breathed
that night—live on in the dark
wildernesses of my mind,

and they will lie a long age
inactive there till I reach
once more and unwillingly
those three spindle-trees far from
sleep—trees that once before I
saw in a dream, in a dream.

—TED WALKER

• •

scribed the pueblo’s plans for using the money—scholarships for young people going to college, a revolving system for purchasing registered bulls and renting them to tribal cattlemen, things like that. Twice while we were talking, tourists came in for permits to take pictures. Then another youngish Indian, named Eddie Ortiz, turned up. He wore an Indian Service police badge on his shirt, and Juan explained that he was the sheriff. They talked together briefly in Piro, then Juan said to me, “Suppose you show me where you want to dig. Eddie’ll tend store for a while and we can have dinner.”

We walked to the edge of the village and I showed him the place that looked best to me. It was simply a question of where the grade looked good and the trash was thick. He thought for a time, then he said, “Yeah. That ought to be all right. Here or this way”—he gestured to the east. “Not that way”—he moved his hand west. “There’s something underneath over there; they won’t want you to go near it.”

I said, “Fine,” looking down the slope. There was a twinkle of broken glass here and there over the surface, fragments of glazed, mass-produced ceramics, and tin cans, all more abundant toward the top. I saw a brass cartridge case, farther down the half-buried remnant of an old shoe, and near my feet a phonograph record and a plastic hairbrush without bristles. Over to the left, where I was to stay away, I saw the main parts of the transmission of a car. It was hard to believe that not far under such drab, familiar leavings were the evidences of antiquity.

Juan renewed his invitation to dinner and I accepted. It was noon, I was hungry, and Pueblo food is good. We started back. On the way, we passed the square kiva, a big, high-looming, windowless ceremonial building. Most people don’t look above eye level unless something attracts their interest, and I guess archeologists are even more inclined than most to watch the ground. It was looking at the high wall of the kiva that led my eye to where a young eagle was perched, tethered, on the edge of the roof of a two-story house. The bird looked ruffled and untamed.

I said, nodding my head toward the eagle, “I haven’t seen that since I was in the Hopi country.”

Juan said, “Yeah. Other pueblos used to keep them, but they’ve forgotten.”

Asking anything about Pueblo ceremonies is tricky business, but, remembering Sorenson, I let curiosity out so far as to ask, “You need them for the dance you people put on next month? Like at the end of that dance the Hopis have about then?”

“Something like that. You seen that Hopi dance?”

“Yes. It—it had power.”

The Hopis dance publicly in the masks that all the Rio Grande Pueblos keep secret. Sometimes you can talk about it, sometimes not.

Juan said, “It’s a rainmaker. Hope we make rain.” Then he led the talk to harmless topics.

Altogether, I counted six eagles on housetops. They are revered by the Indians, but to a white man they are simply wild creatures made captive, and it rather relieved me to think that in less than a month the birds would be sacrificed and so set free. You would not want one of these creatures to be kept tethered for very long. While my eyes were still directed upward, I saw in the west the rounded, dark green peak of Chompi Mountain, from which most of the eagles had come, and I wondered if they ever looked toward it.

“I hear the big change uptown is from Martinis to Scotch-on-the-rocks.”

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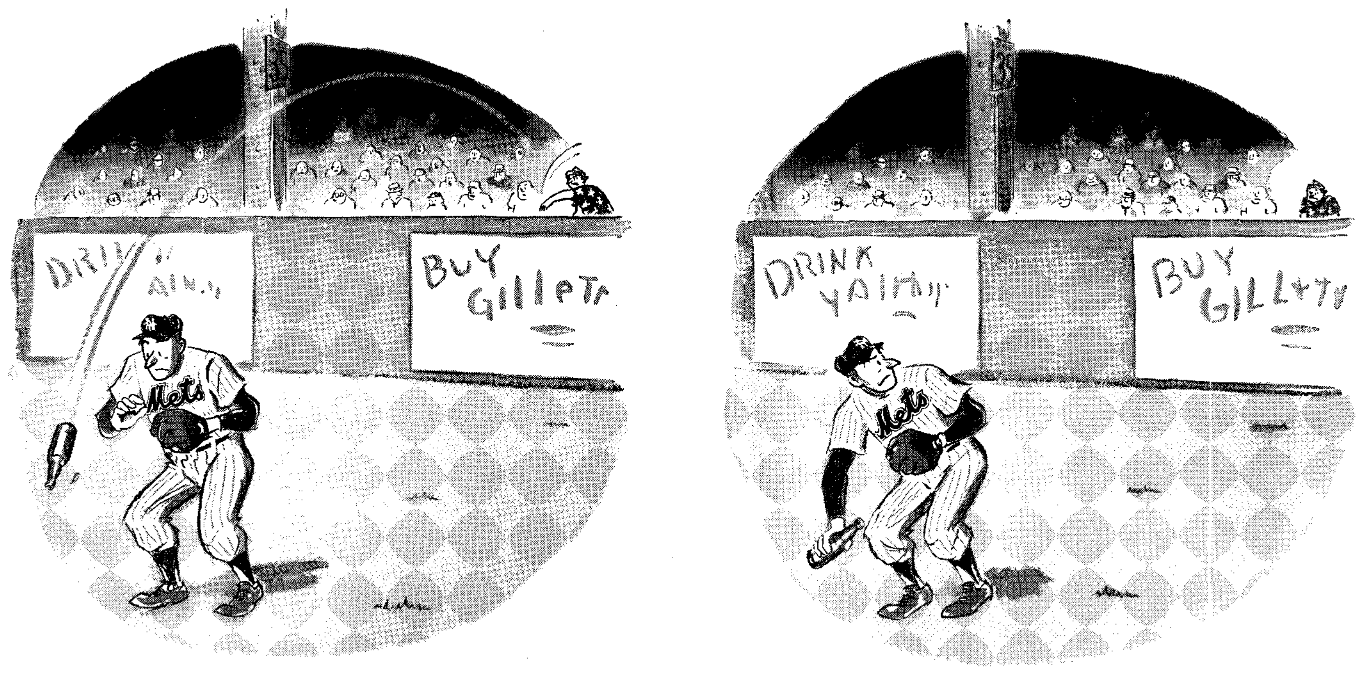
THE last thing Juan said to me before I left that day was to be sure and return the following Sunday, the first in July, which I did. The governor, who spoke pretty good English, was there and prepared for me. He was most friendly. He told me to come back for a full council meeting Wednesday morning. I wanted to put it over until Sunday, so as not to interfere with my work at Rio Azulito, but he said that would not do. “Everybody’s comin’ in now for the work we do around this time. Everybody be here by Wednesday. Couple days later, some of ’em too busy with that work.” (The word “work” in such a context means ceremonial. Once they have a ceremony in hand, everything else has to give way.)

I had never before attended a tribal council. In the case of San Leandro, I would be encountering the ages-old theocracy, for which the lay officials are a front. I was curious and a trifle excited, and more than ordinarily aware of impressions, as I entered the village Wednesday morning and came into the large rectangular plaza, entering at the northwest corner, by the Catholic church, which, with its two low towers, rises a little above the other buildings. The plaza is an expanse of hard-trampled, clayey earth, dusty in dry weather, with nothing growing in it but



one splendid cottonwood near the middle of the south side. The flat-roofed houses—some one story, some two stories high, some with porches—form a nearly solid enclosure. The native adobe is a warm brown with a slight sparkle to it, and under the porches—in New Mexico they are called by the Spanish name, "*portales*"—the walls are usually whitewashed. There is variation in the size of the houses, in the arrangement of doors, and in the windows, which range from tiny prehistoric apertures to modern metal casements. The whole, though uniformly composed of rectangles, is not at all monotonous. Adobe weathers into softness and the Indians build largely by eye, so that angles are not quite true and the most regular construction achieves naturally the irregularity that the Greeks used to plan for.

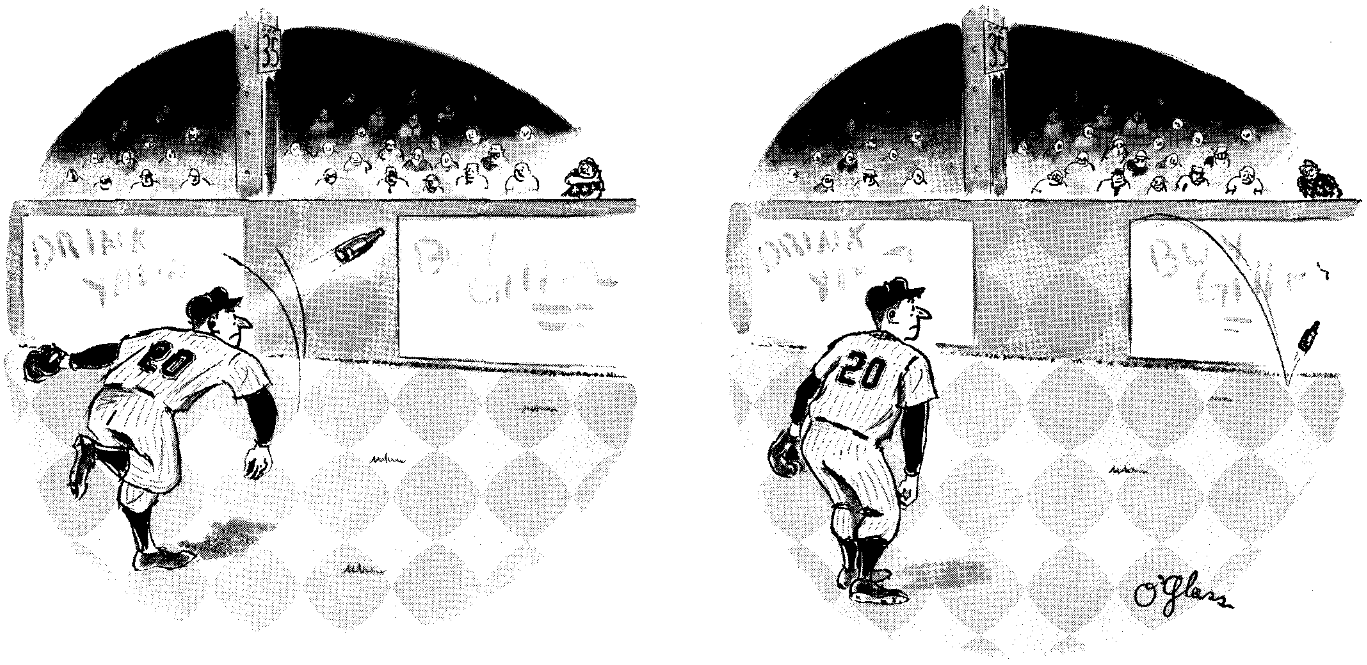
In front of the houses and close to them there are altogether eight *hornos*, the beehive-shaped ovens, standing about four feet high, that the Spanish introduced. They are the only curved surfaces; there are no arches. One of the much touted charms of adobe is how it takes sunlight and shadow, the sunlight absorbed and softened, the shadow luminous. The play of light and shadow around a plaza such as this is its principal beauty. On the *hornos*, the light blending into shade over the curves is a delicate and wonderful thing.

An Indian plaza is bare, harmonious, and snug. On an off afternoon such as that Wednesday, there will be some children playing in it, a few mongrels taking the sun, and in front of one or two houses pottery and other wares, usually tended by a girl, set out in the hope of tourists. Even with the children and dogs, the village seems empty. Tourists are disappointed not to see Indians in costume all over the place. On ordinary days, the men are busy in the fields—unless they are in the kiva working up a ceremony—and the women are at their housework or pottery-making. There's no reason why anybody should be around, and when you come to think of it, how is it that even in quite small non-Indian settlements so many people seem to have business on the streets? What keeps them going to and fro? Hanged if I know.

I said that a Pueblo plaza is snug. You could also say contained, almost fortified. When you work in the ruins the Old People left, you keep trying to project yourself, and one of the things you feel is this enclosed, self-contained quality, whether it's in a cliff dwelling jammed onto a high ledge of rock in the Navajo country or a little, open site near the Rio Grande. The same thing is present in the pueblos of today, and it goes back at least to Basket Maker III, a dozen centuries or so ago; we don't know how they placed their dwellings before that. The houses and the people, few or many, stand close together, and perhaps that's why they are still here after a couple of thousand years of droughts and crop failures, of Navajos, Apaches, Comanches, Utes, and the white man.

Juan met me and led me to a building on what you could call a back street, obviously a structure of some age, containing a large, bare room. There were somewhat more than twenty men, most of them elderly, sitting along the walls, some on a *banco*, an adobe bench built out from the long back wall, the others on an assortment of chairs. I was given a comfortable chair placed near the door, facing the assemblage. At a plain table in the middle of the room sat the secretary, a youngish man, and there Juan joined him. As it turned out, Juan was the interpreter, and the secretary took copious notes on a lined pad. The governor was inconspicuous in a corner. Most of the men wore their hair long, done in a *chongo*, a queue wrapped in a narrow red strip of native weave. There was a good deal of jewelry in evidence—turquoise or Navajo-silver earrings, necklaces of shell, turquoise, coral, or silver, and rings and bracelets. Several men wore moccasins. The rest of their costume consisted of ordinary work clothes, except in the case of one man—whom I took to be the man from Denver—in a business suit and bow tie, and the secretary, who wore lightweight slacks and a T shirt. Their expressions were friendly. The governor spoke a polite greeting in Piro and stated that all the proper people were here and ready to hear what I had to say. Juan interpreted, and added, after explaining that he was speaking on his own, that they all knew I wanted to do something to help them.

This group had met numerous times with its attorneys, the question of the El Cajón site had been fully discussed, and my mission had been set forth in a lengthy letter. With these people, however, you don't count on any of that. You begin at the beginning and tell it all. I don't know whether they require that procedure just because they like to hear familiar tales, or as a way of having a chance to think about a matter over again, or from a canny desire to see whether everyone tells the same story, but, in any case, you review the whole question.



I would say a few sentences, then wait to be interpreted. I was brief about the claim in general, but skipped no details on the potsherds and the conflicting evidence, and presented a full, careful statement of what stratigraphy can show and how something turned up in the rubbish could be tied to something more than ten miles away. While the interpretation went on, I planned what to say next and looked around. Once you adjust yourself to it, talking through an interpreter becomes a restful mode of operation. After a few minutes, I hardly noticed the jewelry or other exotic trimmings as the dark faces of the councilmen seemed to emerge and ceased to be the faces of Indians, of another race, and became the faces of individuals, some of them wonderfully lined, all of them full of character. These were men of authority, whose minds were stored with ancient knowledge, and they were healthy outdoor men, men of their hands—farmers, stockmen, and, in season, hunters. Physical condition, age, and knowledge joined to make their faces most impressive.

When I was through, a very old man spoke in Piro. Juan made no effort to translate but sat half turned, listening. Another man spoke. They did not seem to be speaking to anyone but to be thinking aloud and letting their thoughts fall into the room. It was quiet talk and I could tell nothing from it. I listened and looked at the faces, and dreamed away the modern clothing and wondered how many centuries back the ancestors of these characters were meeting in similar councils. Piro is a language of the Tanoan subfamily. How old was it? Had these same sounds once filled council rooms—kivas, mostly—at Pueblo Bonito, at Spruce Tree House, at Chetro Ketl?

Perhaps half a dozen of them had expressed an opinion when a medium-old man with a strong, broad face and a square jaw spoke at some length. When he finished, people all over the room made a humming sound that means assent. He spoke again, directly to Juan.

Juan said, "That's Crescencio Rael." (I estimate that over half of the San Leandros are either "Rael" or "Pérez." Having the same last name does not seem to mean relationship.) Juan went on, "He's high up in what we're getting ready for now, what they call Eagle Home Dance, and he's one of the *principales*. He says this is a hard thing you have brought up. We want to win our claim, and now, the way you tell it, I think we all understand about digging for those potteries. Only it ain't easy to say you can dig in there. It's kinda hard for me to tell it so you'll understand, what these old men been talking about just now. It's the old times, you might say, that are in the rubbish heap. Not the big things, like this dance we're bringing out next week, but—well, like the pottery. One time they made that kind for a while, right here in this pueblo, then they quit. So it's in the dirt there, along with what they used to eat, and, like the stuff they used to weave in old times, and all like that. It's part of what we're made of, and it's what the old-time people, the ones that are gone now, they used to know. What was familiar to them."

I have discussed Juan's words with several Pueblo ethnographers, who found them interesting. Note that he did not say anything about the Old People coming back or ancestral spirits hovering around. In fact, he did a nice job of getting an idea across without giving away any beliefs.

Juan said a few words to Crescencio, who answered in a few sentences.

"Right now," Juan said, "they are thinking about this dance. That's what's in their minds, and this ain't no time for deciding what you're asking for. They say, let it go over until we're through with that work."

Crescencio added something more. I decided that he could follow English pretty well.

Juan said, "We're sorry to make you wait. We all know you came to help us. And he says, you come to the dance next week. You will see something good. Come and eat dinner at my house, and you can bring those boys you got working with you. Like at fiesta, we got plenty grub."

I could only accept the postponement. I tried to get a firm date for another meeting, but was put off. Then I got up and so did everybody else. Many of them, including Crescencio Rael, came up to shake hands with me, or touch hands—they do not actually shake. They said pleasant, noncommittal things, the older men in Spanish.

My attitude toward this job had originally been somewhat casual, but it had changed. The possible money would be very nice to have, and, beyond that, I was affected by the tendency in all of us to become partisan. I liked these Indians, the material the lawyers had sent me had convinced me that their cause was just, and I really wanted to see them win. In addition, there was the possibility of turning up scientifically valuable material, the desire to be one of the very few who had ever poked into the rubbish heap of an occupied pueblo. I imagined the tribe grateful to me, accepting me as a special friend, if I turned the trick. The postponement disturbed me more than I had expected, and I was worried enough to wonder if, in the end, old beliefs would make them refuse me permission. Until then, I had had little apprehension.

THE dance was on Sunday week. As I understand it, this is one of the most purely Indian ceremonies that a white man can get to see among the Rio Grande Pueblos. O'Neil, a Pueblo ethnographer with whom I discussed it later, has a theory that the public part is an unmasked version of an older, masked ceremony. Yet it is held on a Sunday—one of those recent adaptations to their changing world that are a sign of the strength and viability of Pueblo culture. Wage work away from home has become important, and for the benefit of the wage workers they hold their affairs as much as possible on weekends. I had told Juan I'd plan on coming, and he had said, "All right. You stay and watch it all along, and maybe you'll understand better why these old men are having trouble making up their minds to let you dig."

The dance was performed by two teams of at least eighty men and women each, one the people of the Turquoise moiety, the other of the Calabash moiety. Each team was accompanied by a chorus with two drummers and about twenty male singers. Their performances alternated throughout the day. Juan was not in the dance, whether because his civil office required him to be on hand for secular matters (but no photographing was allowed that day) or because he did not belong to the right society I did not know. There were all sorts of visitors dropping in at his house, and for at least two hours his wife and several other women were busy serving table after table of guests with good, hearty food—mutton stew, chili, the bread pudding called *sopa*, and the necessary quantities of weak coffee and Kool-Aid. On the table was a large plate that was kept always piled high with bread baked in the *hornos* I've described. It is European peasant bread, the pure tradition out of Spain, and it's hard to find better bread anywhere these days. Everything was as clean as you could ask for. My boys got a big poke out of it and ate very well indeed. They got a lot out of the dance, too, having enough background to approach it seriously and to imagine the antiquity of the thing, projecting it, or something like it, into the plaza of the Rio Azulito ruin.

Wherever you were in the village, the drums followed you. The sound travelled through the earth. Often it seemed to come from almost any direction. In the open, or at an open window, even away from the plaza, you would hear the voice of the chorus rise at the strong parts of a song, and then it would fade again. In the plaza, actually attending the dance, you followed all of the singing and the sound of gourd rattles in the men's hands and the turtle-shell and deer-hoof rattles on their right legs, marking a time that usually went along with the drum but sometimes separated from it. If you watched, all of these rhythmic elements were interwoven with the visual ones—the men's feet, their emphatic steps and the general movement of their bodies and heads, the women's much gentler placement of their feet, even in passages of fast time, and, weaving over and through all these effects, the maneuvers of the dancers, in this particular dance very simple but occasionally marking a larger, slower rhythm that embraced the rest.

You listen, you stop listening; you look, you stop looking. You chat. You go in and eat. Except for a period of about two hours in the middle of the day, the dance is continuously with you. If you stick around, it increasingly binds you and the other people there together—the San Leandros and the visitors from other pueblos especially, to a lesser degree the occasional Navajos and Apaches who turn up, and least of all the whites, few of whom stay for more than an hour or two. A dance of this kind is a sophisticated, evolved form of art, which uses repetition and duration as essential elements. If you don't expose yourself to the repetition, you cannot get the impact of it.

We were there to spend the day. I visited several houses, Juan telling me what men would be at home. I felt that he wanted to help me advance my cause. I entered into no discussions of it, but I thought that the more these people knew me as a person, the easier it would be for them to let me pry into the repository of their past. I was well received wherever I went.

All the time, I was conscious of the half-dozen eagles on the rooftops, waiting to be sacrificed in the Eagles Return Rite. So then the prisoners are set free, I thought, studying the one on the top of the two-story house next to Juan's. He looked wild and hostile, not at all Puebloan. Another, farther away, was tearing at a gobbet of meat. It occurred to me that I had seen captive eagles flap their wings occasionally, but neither here nor in the Hopi country had I ever seen one seriously try to fly or break away. I wondered whether their wings were clipped. More likely, I thought, some of their pinions had been pulled.

I thought about the probable age of this dance and of eagle catching and sacrificing, and hence came again to the time-depth of the inward-turned, castellated quality of Pueblo life down the ages that I have already described. It was in the course of thinking thus, sitting on the low bench in front of Juan's house, soaked in the dance, relaxed, that it occurred to me that Sorenson might have meant that I should get my business settled with the leaders before their entering into all the complex of this ceremony carried them deep into their ancient psychological heritage, and that it really was quite possible that they would refuse to let me, one might say, make a crack in even a tiny edge of the pattern.

All day these people had been concentrating themselves, concentrating their power, building it up here within the village. You could feel it—a dynamic substance. I thought that the heart of Pueblo existence was retention, holding it all in, and that in this there was something almost morbid. There had to be a letting out, a spending, too, and in some sleepiness in the latter part of the afternoon, what with the heat and much eating and a slight lack of sleep from having gone into town with the boys Saturday night and sat up late talking shop over beer, it occurred to me that one outlet would come when the spirits of the eagles were set free at sundown to soar and wander as eagles should. This random thought comforted me and made me more hopeful of getting the permission I sought. As you can see, I had managed to get those birds on my mind.

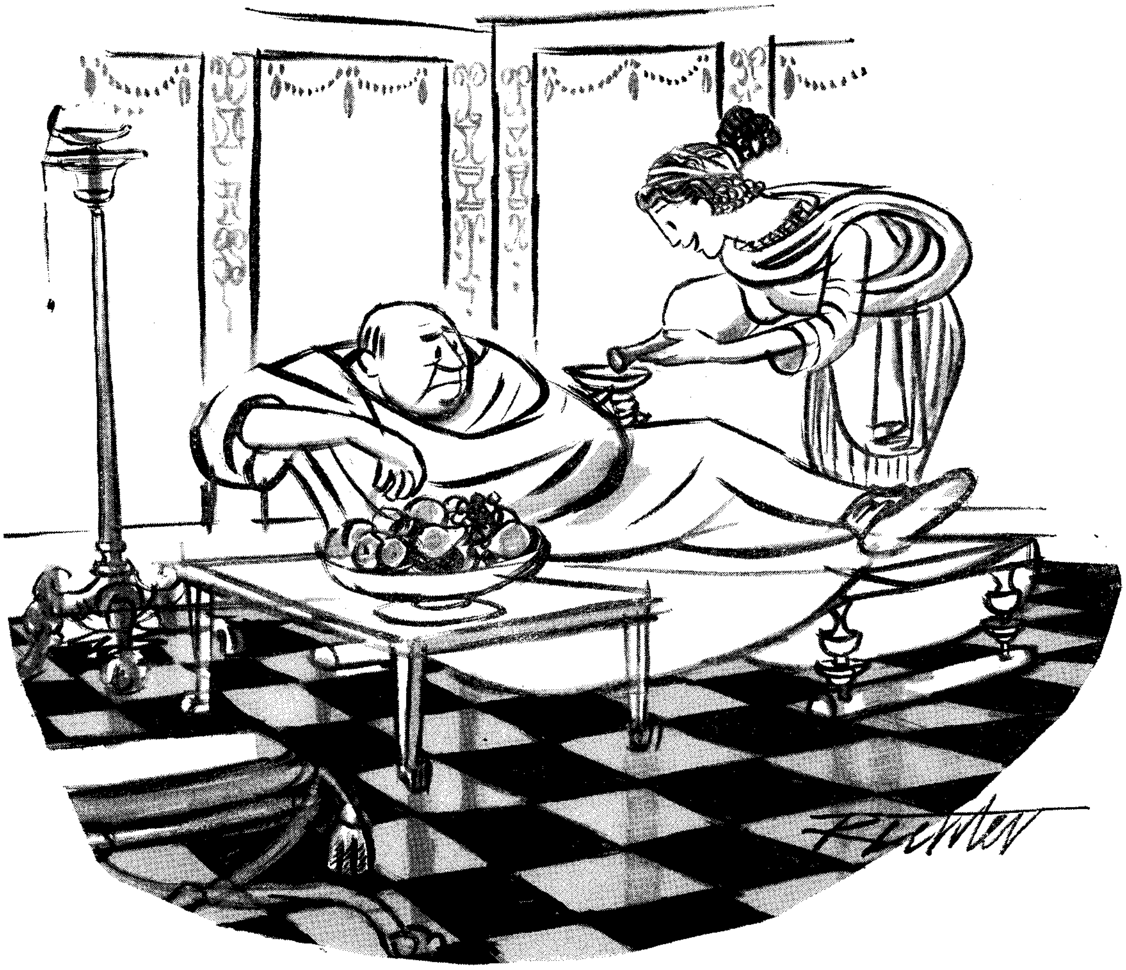
A sharp change in the arrangement of sound jerked me into attention. The group that was dancing, the people of the Turquoise moiety, was not leaving the plaza, but the Calabash moiety dancers were coming in, their chorus singing its own song, drumming and dancing their own time. The enclosed place, the Piro center, became jammed with noise and people, with a new excitement of sight and sound. There really was not room for both teams of dancers, but somehow they worked it all out and managed to blend. A couple of my boys joined me and one of them said, “Wow! There isn’t anything to say about this except ‘Wow!,’ is there, Doc?”

I said, “I see what you mean.”

The sun was near setting and we seemed to be the only white people still there. I don’t know how long that finale lasted, perhaps twenty minutes; then the two teams went off in separate directions toward their respective kivas.

Juan told me, “That’s all now. It’s over.”

It was a dismissal. I had heard that the Eagles Return business and whatever else they did at the edge of the village after the dance was not for the public. I gathered the boys and we drove back to camp.



“LXVI isn’t old!”

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I WONDERED how soon I should return to San Leandro and see about stirring up another meeting. Not right away, I knew, as they had to have time to rest and to perform followup rites. They would need a little time. Next Sunday would be about right, and if things went well I could take as much as two or three weeks to work in, if I needed them.

To my surprise, Juan came to get me at the Rio Azulito site on Friday morning. We had just broken into what looked like a circular pit house dating from Basket Maker III, though I knew of no Basket Maker material from anywhere near there. I was all wrapped up in the engineering problems and the possibilities when Juan came climbing over the ruin and told me that the council was in session and wanted to see me. I had a moment’s impulse to object that I could not go right then, but I thought better of it and climbed out of the hole I was working in and dusted myself off.

Juan, it turned out, had not come in his own car but had bummed a ride with a friend who was on his way to the Apache reservation up north. He remarked that his own car was a pickup and that the seat was in bad condition, so he thought I’d be more comfortable in my sedan.

Once we got going, I naturally wanted to get an idea of what awaited me, whether the council had come to a decision, and if so what. I said I hoped they’d let me dig for the evidence they needed, and he said, “You know how these old men are. They talk it over and talk it over.”

The Pueblos—most Indians, for that matter, I believe—are not satisfied until they reach unanimous agreement. They could still be working on that, or Juan could be being evasive. I’d have to wait to learn the answer, and I hoped I was not in for a series of indecisive palavers. We drove on in silence for quite a while, then Juan began singing quietly and beating time with his open hand on the top of the car door.

I said, “That’s one of the songs they sang last Sunday, isn’t it?”

“Yeah. My uncle made it. He’s the one that mostly makes up songs for our side. How’d you like the dance?”

“It was beautiful.”

When we had gone a good bit farther, I came out with a question I could not help asking. “Now those eagles are all turned loose, aren’t they?”

“Hunh? Turned loose?”

“I mean, when they were sacrificed, that turned them loose.”

He thought that over for a while. “Well, no. You know how the Hopis do when they sacrifice them?”

“Yes.”

“We do kinda the same thing. So their spirits stay in, they stay with us, until we send them back to go into little eagles. They’re part of the pueblo, kind of, their nests and our houses. It goes round and round.”

“Oh.”

He started singing again. I was depressed. It’s all part of the same pattern, or configuration; everything is kept in. The eagles never get free. Their spirits are sent back into the nests, which are all well known to the San Leandros and tied to the Piro center with all the strands of ritual, and there they hatch and become eaglets again, and are taken back to San Leandro to sit on those perches until the time comes to start them around yet once more. I glanced at Juan’s profile. I didn’t think I’d better ask any more questions; he’d gone pretty far in answering that last one. You keep it in. Once more my mind reached back across the centuries, back to the close-packed cliff dwellings. I thought of the ruin we were working on and the yet older

"Watercress sandwich! That means my wife is sore at me about something."

• •

Basket Maker site below it. Always the corn growing and the need of all the power men could gather in from every source to insure its growth, and always, you could be sure, roving hunters ready to swoop and steal. The fields were safe now. The Indians had machines with which to clear or improve their irrigation ditches, the modern tools of farming, and there were no more raiding enemies, but their way of life was under siege as it had never been before. Television aerials marred the antique lines of the flat-topped roofs. . . . Against all the white man's destroying array of non-essentials they hoarded and massed the strength, and even this quite up-to-date young man beside me had behind him the captive souls of eagles. The eagles' forebears and his own had handed the strength down. We hit a chuckhole and I decided to pay attention to my driving. Shortly, the pueblo came in sight, the clustered, low buildings that matched the soil around them and the slight, centralizing accent of the façade of the church, with its little towers.

When we parked the car and walked on in, I thought that one ought to be conscious of breaking through a barrier of some sort, of breasting the strength of the people. I encountered nothing except the usual restful quiet. Although it was unnecessary, as we went along I glanced to see that there were now no eagles on the roofs.

We entered the old council room. I was prepared to make a circuit, shaking hands, but Juan pushed the chair toward me, saying, "Make yourself comfortable," so I did. A very old man was talking, a shrunken old man wearing a bright, large-patterned factory blanket around his body. I supposed he had reached an age at which any ordinary room is chill. His voice was thin, his speech halting. God knows what he was talking about. Crescencio Rael, who had the final say before, interrupted him pleasantly and he fell silent. Then the governor welcomed me as courteously as before, expressing appreciation that I had dropped my work to come to the council without advance notice. After that, there was rather a long pause. Not knowing what else to do, I lit a cigarette.

Juan said something to the councilmen. The very old man said a few words. Then Crescencio spoke for not more than two minutes.

Juan said, "They have talked it all over, and they are all agreed. They are sorry, because you have taken trouble and they want to help our lawyers, but they can't let you dig in the trash heap. Not any part of it. Maybe we won't win that money. That's too bad, but we been getting on all right for a long time without it. It's like what I told you the other day, and Crescencio says maybe you understand better now that you were here all day for the dance. We sure thank you and we hope you come visit us often."

As he finished speaking, I was conscious of a change occurring in the gathering. Now, as I turned my eyes from him, I saw an expression of happiness and relief on the men's faces. They were all looking right at me, and I knew they wanted to see how I would react.

I guess my reaction had been building up in me, subconsciously, for some little time. I heard myself saying, "I think you are exactly right. I think the important thing is for you to keep everything whole." I rose, still surprised at what I had said, and knowing that I meant exactly that.

Everyone had to shake hands with me. It was as if we had accomplished something difficult and good together. We said friendly things to each other in English and Spanish, and one elderly gentleman with a face remarkably like a sack of potatoes taught me a Piro phrase that, Juan explained later, meant "All is well. Many thanks, friend." I was invited to stay for lunch in a dozen houses, but there was plenty of morning left and I had that site to play with, so I thanked them and drove on back to Rio Azulito. My little session with the San Leandro council had been, strictly speaking, a venture in ethnography, I told myself on the way. Sorenson might say I had muffed it, but if I had, by so doing I had uncovered a bit of simon-pure archeology that no ruin, no matter how complete, would ever yield up.

—Oliver La Farge

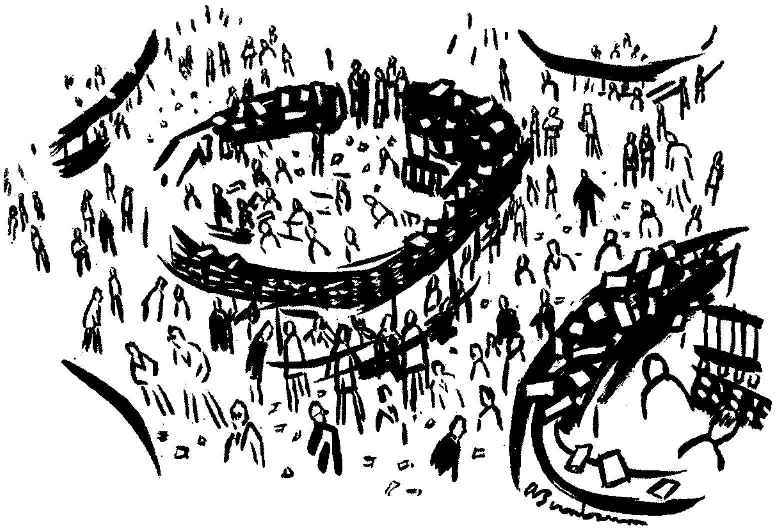
•

Mrs. Mabel S——will do custom hatching of all eggs. N. Ave.—*Crowley (La.) Signal.*

Mabel was always a quiet, patient girl.

ANNALS OF FINANCE

THE FLUCTUATION



THE stock market—the daytime adventure serial of the well-to-do—would not be the stock market if it did not have its ups and downs. Any board-room sitter with a taste for Wall Street lore has heard of the retort that J. P. Morgan the Elder is supposed to have made to a naïve acquaintance who had ventured to ask the great man what the market was going to do. "It will fluctuate," replied Morgan dryly. And it has many other distinctive characteristics. Apart from the economic advantages and disadvantages of stock exchanges—the advantage that they provide a free flow of capital to finance industrial expansion, for instance, and the disadvantage that they provide an all too convenient way for the unlucky, the imprudent, and the gullible to lose their money—their development has created a whole pattern of social behavior, complete with customs, language, and predictable responses to given events. What is truly extraordinary is the speed with which this pattern emerged full blown following the establishment, in 1611, of the world's first important stock exchange—a roofless courtyard in Amsterdam—and the degree to which it persists (with variations, it is true) on the New York Stock Exchange in the nineteen-sixties. Present-day stock trading in the United States—a bewilderingly vast enterprise, involving millions of miles of private telegraph wires, computers that can read and copy the Manhattan Telephone Directory in three minutes, and some seventeen million stockholder participants—would seem to be a far cry from a handful of seventeenth-century Dutchmen haggling in the rain. But the field marks are much the same. The first stock exchange was, inadvertently, a laboratory in which new human reactions were revealed. By the same token, the New York Stock Exchange is also a sociological test tube, forever contributing to the human species' self-understanding.

The behavior of the pioneering Dutch stock traders is ably documented in a book entitled "Confusion of Confusions," written by a plunger on the Amsterdam market named Joseph de la Vega; originally published in 1688, it was reprinted in English translation a few years ago by the Harvard Business School. As for the behavior of present-day American investors and brokers—whose traits, like those of all stock traders, are exaggerated in times of crisis—it may be clearly revealed through a consideration of their activities during the last week of May, 1962, a time when the stock market fluctuated in a startling way. On Monday, May 28th, the Dow-Jones average of thirty leading industrial stocks, which has been computed every trading day since 1897, dropped 34.95 points, or more than it had dropped on any other day except October 28, 1929, when the loss was 38.33 points. The volume of trading on May 28th was 9,350,000 shares—the seventh-largest one-day turnover in Stock Exchange history. On Tuesday, May 29th, after an alarming morning when most stocks sank far below their Monday-afternoon closing prices, the market suddenly changed direction, charged upward with astonishing vigor, and finished the day with a large, though not record-breaking, Dow-Jones gain of 27.03 points. Tuesday's record, or near record, was in trading volume; the 14,750,000 shares that changed hands added up to the greatest one-day total ever except for October 29, 1929, when trading ran just over sixteen million shares. Then, on Thursday, May 31st, after a Wednesday holiday in observance of Memorial Day, the cycle was completed; on a volume of 10,710,000 shares, the fifth-greatest in history, the Dow-Jones average gained 9.40 points, leaving it slightly above the level where it had been before all the excitement began.

The crisis ran its course in three days, but, needless to say, the post-mortems took longer. One of de la Vega's observations about the Amsterdam traders was that they were "very clever in inventing reasons" for a sudden rise or fall in stock prices, and the Wall Street pundits certainly needed all the cleverness they could muster to explain why, in the middle of an excellent business year, the market had suddenly taken its second-worst nose dive of all time. Beyond these explanations—among which President Kennedy's April crackdown on the steel industry's planned price increase ranked high—it was inevitable that the post-mortems should often compare May, 1962, with October, 1929. The figures for price movement and trading volume alone would have forced the parallel, even if the worst panic days of the two months—the twenty-eighth and the twenty-ninth—had not mysteriously and, to some people, ominously coincided. But it was generally conceded that the contrasts were more persuasive than the similarities. Between 1929 and 1962, regulation of trading practices and limitations on the amount of credit extended to customers for the purchase of stock had made it difficult, if not actually impossible, for a man to lose *all* his money on the Exchange. In short, de la Vega's epithet for the Amsterdam stock exchange in the sixteen-eighties—he called it "this gambling hell," although he obviously loved it—had become considerably less applicable to the New York exchange in the thirty-three years between the two crashes.

THE 1962 crash did not come without warning, even though few observers read the warnings correctly. Shortly after the beginning of the year, stocks had begun falling at a pretty consistent rate, and the pace had accelerated to the point where the previous business week—that of May 21st through May 25th—had been the worst on the Stock Exchange since June, 1950. On the morning of Monday, May 28th, then, brokers and dealers had reason to be in a thoughtful mood. Had the bottom been reached, or was it still ahead? Opinion appears, in retrospect, to have been divided. The Dow-Jones news service, which sends its subscribers spot financial news by teleprinter, reflected a certain apprehensiveness between the time it started its transmissions, at nine o'clock, and the opening of the Stock Exchange, at ten. During this hour, the broad tape (as the Dow-Jones service, which is printed on vertically running paper six and a quarter inches wide, is often called, to distinguish it from the Stock Exchange price tape, which is printed horizontally and is only three-quarters of an inch high) commented that many securities dealers had been busy over the weekend sending out demands for additional collateral to credit customers whose stock assets were shrinking in value; remarked that the type of precipitate liquidation seen during the previous week "has been a stranger to Wall Street for years;" and went on to give several items of encouraging business news, such as the fact that Westinghouse had just received a new Navy contract. In the stock market, however, as de la Vega points out, "the news [as such] is often of little value;" in the short run, the mood of the investors is what counts.

This mood became manifest within a matter of minutes after the Stock Exchange opened. At 10:11, the broad tape reported that "stocks at the opening were mixed and only moderately active." This was reassuring information, because "mixed" meant that some were up and some were down, and also because a falling market is universally regarded as far less threatening when the amount of activity in it is moderate rather than great. But the comfort was short-lived, for by 10:30 the Stock Exchange tape, which records the price and the share volume of every transaction made on the floor, not only was consistently recording lower prices but, running at its maximum speed of five hundred characters per minute, was six minutes late. The lateness of the tape meant that the machine was simply unable to keep abreast of what was going on, so fast were trades being made. Normally, when a transaction is completed on the floor of the Exchange, at 11 Wall Street, an Exchange employee writes the details on a slip of paper and sends it by pneumatic tube to a room on the fifth floor of the building, where one of a staff of girls types it into the ticker machine for transmission. A lapse of two or three minutes between a floor transaction and its appearance on the tape is normal, therefore, and is not considered by the Stock Exchange to be "lateness;" that word, in the language of the Exchange, is used only to describe any additional lapse between the time a sales slip arrives on the fifth floor and the time the hard-pressed ticker is able to accommodate it. ("The terms used on the Exchange are not carefully chosen," complained de la Vega.) Tape delays of a few minutes occur fairly often on busy trading days, but since 1930, when the present type of ticker was

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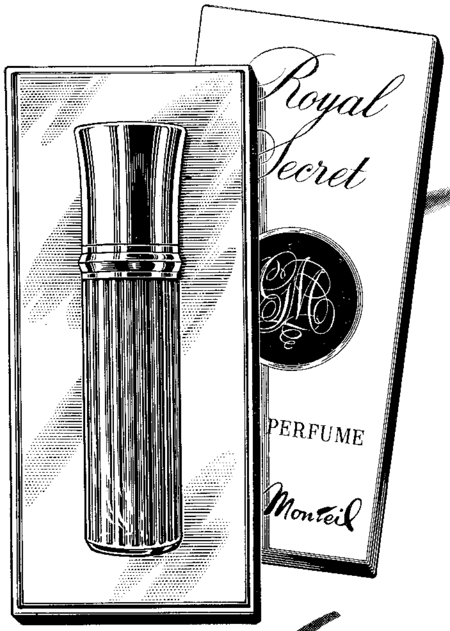
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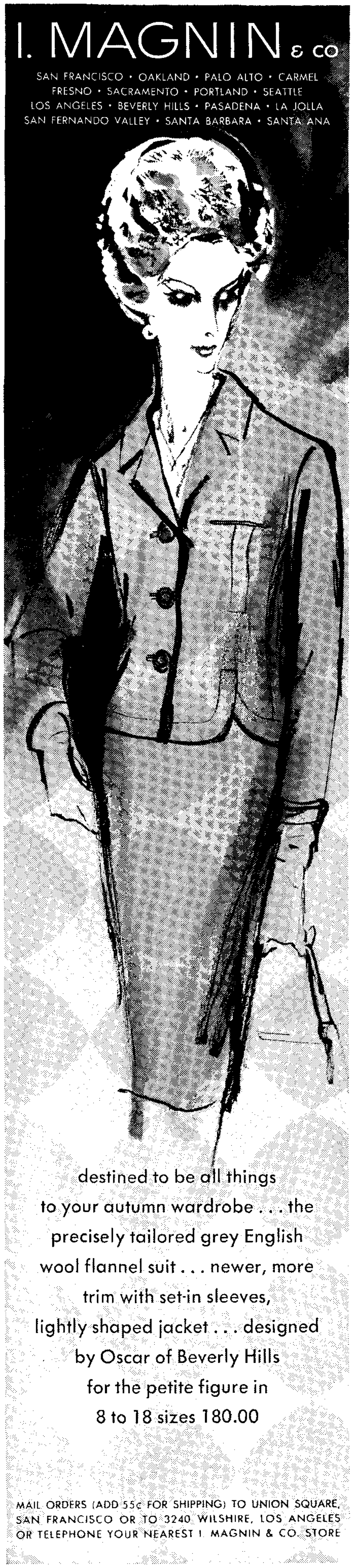
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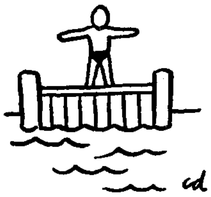
installed, big delays have been extremely rare. On October 24, 1929, when the tape fell two hundred and forty-six minutes behind, it was being printed at the rate of two hundred and eighty-five characters a minute; before last May, the greatest delay that had ever occurred on the new machine was thirty-four minutes.

Unmistakably, prices were going down and activity was going up, but the situation was still not desperate. All that had been established by eleven o'clock was that the previous week's decline was continuing at a moderately accelerated rate. But as the pace of trading increased, so did the tape delay. At 10:55, it was thirteen minutes late; at 11:14, twenty minutes; at 11:35, twenty-eight minutes; at 11:58, thirty-eight minutes; and at 12:14, forty-three minutes. (To inject at least a seasoning of up-to-date information into the tape when it is five minutes or more in arrears, the Exchange periodically interrupts its normal progress to insert "flashes," or current prices of a few leading stocks. The time required to do this, of course, adds to the lateness.) The noon computation of the Dow-Jones industrial average showed a loss for the day so far of 9.86 points.



Signs of public hysteria began to appear during the lunch hour. One sign was the fact that between twelve and two, when the market is traditionally in the doldrums, not only did prices continue to decline but volume continued to rise, with a corresponding effect on the tape; just before two o'clock, the tape delay stood at fifty-two minutes. Evidence that people are selling stocks at a time when they ought to be eating lunch is always regarded as a serious matter. Perhaps just as convincing a portent of approaching agitation was to be found in the Times Square office (at 1451 Broadway) of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the undisputed Gargantua of the brokerage trade. This office is plagued by a peculiar problem: because of its excessively central location, it is visited every day at lunchtime by an unusual number of what are known in brokerage circles as "walk-ins"—people who are securities customers only in a minuscule way, if at all, but who find the atmosphere of a brokerage office and the changing prices on its quotation board entertaining, especially in times of stock-market crisis. ("Those playing the game merely for the sake of entertainment and not because of greediness are easily to be distinguished."—De la Vega.) From long experience, the office manager, a calm Georgian named Samuel Mothner, has learned to recognize a close correlation between the current degree of public concern about the market and the number of walk-ins in his office, and at midday on May 28th the mob of them was so dense as to have, for his trained sensibilities, positively albatross-like connotations of disaster ahead.

Mothner's troubles, like those of brokers from San Diego to Bangor, were by no means confined to disturbing signs and portents. An unrestrained liquidation of stocks was already well under way; in Mothner's office, orders from customers were running five or six times above average, and nearly all of them were orders to sell. By and large, brokers were urging their customers to keep cool and hold on to their stocks, at least for the present, but many of the customers could not be persuaded. In another midtown Merrill Lynch office, at 61 West Forty-eighth Street, a cable was received from a substantial client living in Rio de Janeiro that said simply, "Please sell out everything in my account." Lacking the time to conduct a long-distance argument in favor of forbearance, Merrill Lynch had no choice but to carry out the order. Radio and television stations, which by early afternoon had caught the scent of news, were now interrupting their regular programs with spot broadcasts on the situation; as a Stock Exchange publication has since commented, with some asperity, "The degree of attention devoted to the stock market in these news broadcasts may have contributed to the uneasiness among some investors." And the problem that brokers faced in executing the flood of selling orders was by this time vastly complicated by technical factors. The tape delay, which by 2:26 amounted to fifty-five minutes, meant that for the most part the ticker was reporting the prices of an hour before, which in many cases were anywhere from one to ten dollars a share higher than the current prices. It was almost impossible for a broker accepting a selling order to tell his customer what price he might expect to get. Some brokerage firms were trying to circumvent the tape delay by using makeshift reporting systems of their own; among these was Merrill Lynch, whose floor brokers, after completing a trade, would—if they remembered and had the time—simply shout the result into a floorside telephone connected to a "squawk box" in the firm's head office, at 70 Pine Street. Obviously,

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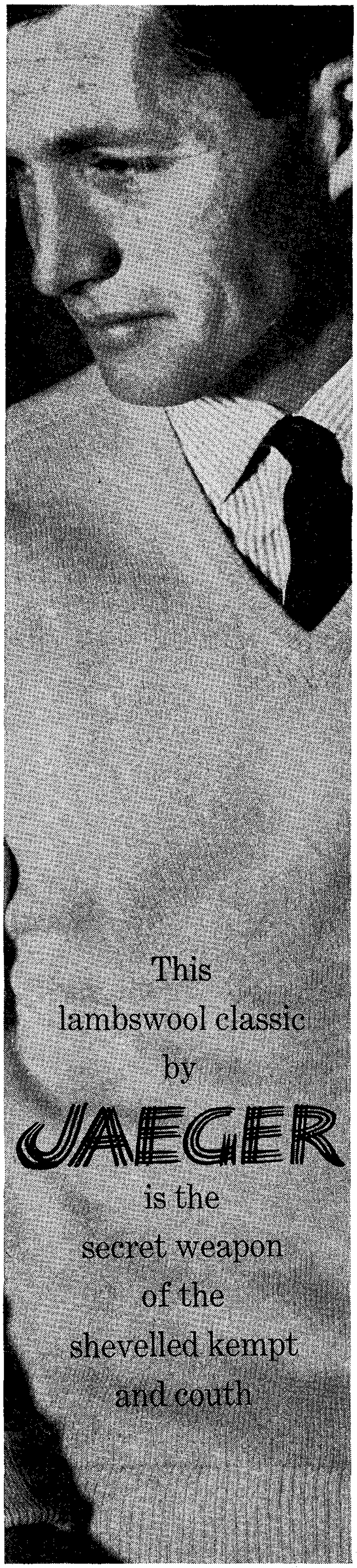

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haphazard methods like this were subject to error.

On the Stock Exchange floor itself, there was no question of any sort of rally; it was simply a case of all stocks' declining rapidly and steadily, on enormous volume. As de la Vega might have described the scene—as, in fact, he *did* rather flamboyantly describe a similar scene—"The bears [that is, the sellers] are completely ruled by fear, trepidation, and nervousness. Rabbits become elephants, brawls in a tavern become rebellions, faint shadows appear to them as signs of chaos." Not the least worrisome aspect of the situation was the fact that the leading blue-chip stocks, representing shares in the country's largest companies, were right in the middle of the decline; indeed, American Telephone & Telegraph, the largest company of them all, and the one with the largest number of stockholders, was leading the entire market downward. On a share volume greater than that of any of the more than fifteen hundred other stocks traded on the Exchange (most of them at a tiny fraction of Telephone's price), Telephone had been battered by wave after wave of urgent selling all day, until at two o'clock it stood at 104¾—down 6⅞ for the day—and was still in full retreat. Always something of a bellwether, Telephone was now being watched more closely than ever, and each loss of a fraction of a point in its price was the signal for further declines all across the board. Before three o'clock, I.B.M. was down 17½ points; Standard Oil of New Jersey, often exceptionally resistant to general declines, was off 3¼; and Telephone itself had tumbled again, to 101⅛. Nor did the bottom appear to be in sight.

Yet the atmosphere on the floor, as it has since been described by men who were there, was not hysterical—or, at least, any hysteria was well controlled. While many brokers were straining to the utmost the Exchange's rule against running on the floor, and some faces wore expressions that have been characterized by a conservative Exchange official as "studious," there was the usual amount of joshing, horseplay, and exchanging of mild insults. ("Jokes . . . form a main attraction to the business."—De la Vega.) But things were not entirely the same. "What I particularly remember is feeling physically exhausted," one floor broker has said. "On a crisis day, you're likely to walk ten or eleven miles on the floor—that's been measured with pedometers—but it isn't just the distance that wears you down. It's the physical contact. You

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have to push and get pushed. People climb all over you. Then, there were the sounds—the tense hum of voices that you always get in times of decline. As the rate of decline increases, so does the pitch of the hum. In a rising market, there's an entirely different sound. After you get used to the difference, you can tell just about what the market is doing with your eyes shut. Of course, the usual heavy joking went on, and maybe the jokes got a little more forced than usual. Everybody has commented on the fact that when the closing bell rang, at three-thirty, a cheer went up from the floor. Well, we weren't cheering because the market was down. We were cheering because it was over."

BUT was it over? This question occupied Wall Street and the national investing community all that afternoon and evening. During the afternoon, the laggard Exchange ticker slogged along, solemnly recording prices that had long since become obsolete. (It was an hour and nine minutes late at closing time, and did not finish printing the day's transactions until 5:58.) Many brokers stayed on the Exchange floor until after five o'clock, straightening out the details of trades, and then went to their offices to work on their accounts. What the price tape had to tell, when it finally got around to telling it, was a uniformly sad tale. American Telephone had closed at 100⅝, down 11 for the day. Philip Morris had closed at 71½, down 8¼. Campbell Soup had closed at 81, down 10¾. I.B.M. had closed at 361, down 37½. And so it went. In brokerage offices, employees were kept busy—many of them for most of the night—at various special chores, of which by far the most urgent was sending out margin calls. A margin call is a demand for additional collateral from a customer who has borrowed money from his broker to buy stocks and whose stocks are now worth barely enough to cover the loan. If a customer is unwilling or unable to meet a margin call with more collateral, his broker will sell the margined stock as soon as possible; such sales may depress other stocks further, leading to more margin calls, leading to more stock sales, and so on down into the pit. This pit had proved bottomless in 1929, when there were no federal restrictions on stock-market credit. Since then, a floor had been put in it, but the fact remains that credit requirements in May of 1962 were such that a customer could expect a call when stocks he had bought on margin had dropped to between fifty and sixty per

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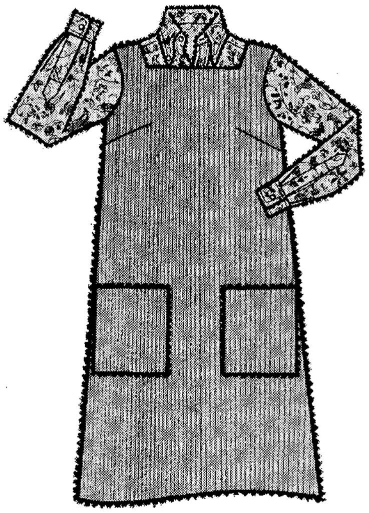

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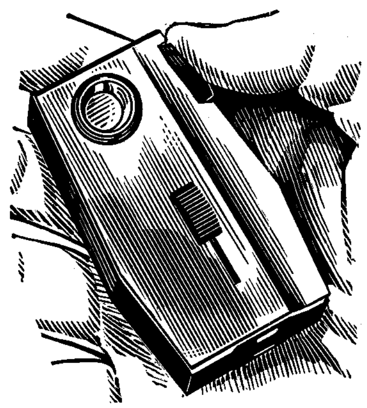
cent of their value at the time he bought them. And at the close of trading on May 28th nearly one stock in four had dropped as far as that from its 1961 high. The Exchange has since estimated that 91,700 margin calls were sent out, mainly by telegram, between May 25th and May 31st; it seems a safe assumption that the lion's share of these went out in the afternoon, in the evening, or during the night of May 28th—and not just the early part of the night, either. More than one customer first learned of the crisis—or first became aware of its almost spooky intensity—on being awakened by the arrival of a margin call in the pre-dawn hours of Tuesday.

If the danger to the market from the consequences of margin selling was much less in 1962 than it had been in 1929, the danger from another quarter—selling by mutual funds—was immeasurably greater. Indeed, many Wall Street professionals now say that at the height of the May excitement the mere thought of the mutual-fund situation was enough to make them shudder. As is well known to the millions of Americans who have bought shares in mutual funds over the past fifteen years, they provide a way for small investors to pool their resources under expert management; the small investor buys shares in a fund, and the fund uses the money to buy stocks and stands ready to redeem the investor's shares at their current asset value whenever he chooses. In a serious stock-market decline, the reasoning went, small investors would want to get their money out of the stock market and would therefore ask for redemption of their shares; in order to raise the cash necessary to meet the redemption demands, the mutual funds would have to sell some of their stocks; these sales would lead to a further stock-market decline, causing more holders of fund shares to demand redemption—and so on down into a more up-to-date version of the bottomless pit. The investment community's collective shudder at this possibility was intensified by the fact that the mutual funds' power to magnify a market decline had never been seriously tested; practically nonexistent in 1929, the funds had built up the staggering total of twenty-three billion dollars in assets by the spring of 1962, and never in the interim had the market declined with anything like its present force. Clearly, if twenty-three billion dollars in assets, or any substantial fraction of that figure, were to be tossed onto the market now, it could generate a crash that would make 1929 seem like a stumble. A thoughtful broker named Charles J. Rolo, who was a book re-



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viewer for the *Atlantic* until he joined Wall Street's literary coterie a couple of years ago, has recalled that the threat of a fund-induced downward spiral, combined with general ignorance as to whether or not one was already in progress, was "so terrifying that you didn't even mention the subject." As a man whose literary sensibilities have up to now survived the well-known crassness of economic life, Rolo may be a good witness on other aspects of the downtown mood at dusk on May 28th. "There was an air of unreality," he says. "No one, as far as I knew, had the slightest idea where the bottom would be. The closing Dow-Jones average that day was down almost thirty-five points, to about five hundred and seventy-seven. It's now considered elegant in Wall Street to deny it, but many leading people were talking about a bottom of four hundred—which would, of course, have been a disaster. One heard the words 'four hundred' uttered again and again, although if you ask people now, they tend to tell you they said 'five hundred.' And along with the apprehensions there was a profound feeling of depression of a very personal sort among brokers. We knew that our customers—by no means all of them rich—had suffered large losses as a result of our actions. Say what you will, it's extremely disagreeable to lose other people's money. Remember that this happened at the end of about twelve years of generally rising stock prices. After more than a decade of more or less constant profits to yourself and your customers, you get to think you're pretty good. You're on top of it. You can make money, and that's that. This break exposed a weakness. It subjected one to a certain loss of self-confidence, from which one is not likely to recover quickly." The whole thing was enough, apparently, to make a broker wish that he were in a position to adhere to de la Vega's cardinal rule: "*Never give anyone the advice to buy or sell shares*, because, where perspicacity is weakened, the most benevolent piece of advice can turn out badly."

IT was on Tuesday morning that the dimensions of Monday's debacle became evident. It had by now been calculated that the paper loss in value of all stocks listed on the Exchange amounted to $20,800,000,000. This figure was an all-time record; even on October 28, 1929, the loss had been a mere $9,600,000,000, the key to the apparent inconsistency being the fact that the total value of the stocks listed on the Exchange was far smaller in 1929 than it is now. The

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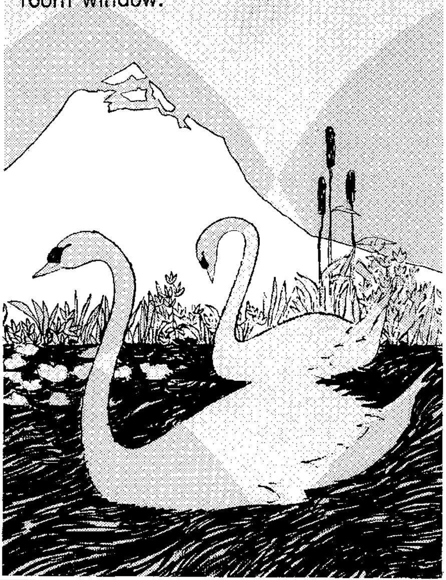

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new record also represented a significant slice of our national income—specifically, almost four per cent. In effect, the United States had lost something like two weeks' worth of products and pay in one day. And, of course, there were repercussions abroad. In Europe, where reactions to Wall Street are delayed a day by the time difference, Tuesday was the day of crisis; by nine o'clock that morning in New York, which was toward the end of the trading day in Europe, almost all the leading European exchanges were experiencing wild selling, with no apparent cause other than Wall Street's crash. The loss in Milan was the worst in eighteen months. That in Brussels was the worst since 1946, when the Bourse there reopened after the war. That in London was the worst in at least twenty-seven years. In Zurich, there had been a sickening thirty-per-cent selloff earlier in the day, but some of the losses were now being cut as bargain hunters came into the market. And another sort of backlash—less direct, but undoubtedly more serious in human terms—was being felt in some of the poorer countries of the world. For example, the price of copper for July delivery dropped on the New York commodity market by forty-four one-hundredths of a cent per pound. Insignificant as such a loss may sound, it was a vital matter to a small country heavily dependent on its copper exports. In his recent book "The Great Ascent," Robert L. Heilbroner cites an estimate that for every cent by which copper prices drop on the New York market the Chilean treasury loses four million dollars; by that standard, Chile's potential loss on copper alone was $1,760,000.

Yet perhaps worse than the knowledge of what had happened was the fear of what might happen now. The *Times* began a queasy lead editorial with the statement that "something resembling an earthquake hit the stock market yesterday," and then took almost half a column to marshal its forces for the reasonably ringing affirmation "Irrespective of the ups and downs of the stock market, we are and will remain the masters of our economic fate." The Dow-Jones news ticker, after opening up shop at nine o'clock with its customary cheery "Good morning," lapsed almost immediately into disturbing reports of the market news from abroad, and by 9:45, with the Exchange's opening still a quarter of an hour away, was asking itself the jittery question "When will the dumping of stocks let up?" Not just yet, it concluded; all the signs seemed to indicate that the

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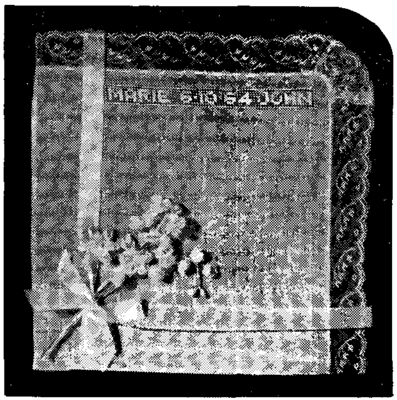

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selling pressure was "far from satisfied." Throughout the financial world, ugly rumors were circulating about the imminent failure of various securities firms, increasing the aura of gloom. ("The expectation of an event creates a much deeper impression . . . than the event itself."—De la Vega.) The fact that most of these rumors later proved false was no help at the time. Word of the crisis had spread overnight to every town in the land, and the stock market had become the national preoccupation. In brokerage offices, the switchboards were jammed with incoming calls, and the customers' areas with walk-ins and, in many cases, television crews. As for the Stock Exchange itself, everyone who worked on the floor had got there early, to batten down against the expected storm, and additional hands had been recruited from desk jobs on the upper floors of 11 Wall to help sort out the mountains of orders. The visitors' gallery was so crowded by opening time that the usual guided tours had to be suspended for the day. One group that squeezed its way onto the gallery that morning was the eighth-grade class of Corpus Christi Parochial School, of West 121st Street; the class's teacher, Sister Aquin, explained to a reporter that the children had prepared for their visit over the previous two weeks by making hypothetical stock-market investments with an imaginary ten thousand dollars each. "They lost all their money," said Sister Aquin.

The Exchange's opening was followed by the blackest ninety minutes in the memory of many veteran dealers, including some survivors of 1929. In the first few minutes, comparatively few stocks were traded, but this inactivity did not reflect calm deliberation; on the contrary, it reflected selling pressure so great that it momentarily paralyzed action. In the interests of minimizing sudden jumps in stock prices, the Exchange requires that one of its floor officials must personally grant his permission before any stock can change hands at a price differing from that of the previous sale by one point or more for a stock priced under twenty dollars, or by two points or more for a stock priced above twenty dollars. Now sellers were so plentiful and buyers so scarce that hundreds of stocks would have to open at price changes as great as that or greater, and therefore no trading in them was possible until a floor official could be found in the shouting mob. In the case of some of the key issues, like I.B.M., the disparity between sellers and buyers was so wide that trading in them was impossible even *with* the permission of an of-

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ficial, and there was nothing to do but wait until the prospect of getting a bargain price lured enough buyers into the market. The Dow-Jones broad tape, stuttering out random prices and fragments of information as if it were in a state of shock, reported at 11:30 that "at least seven" Big Board stocks had still not opened; actually, when the dust had cleared it appeared that the true figure had been much larger than that. Meanwhile, the Dow-Jones average lost 11.09 more points in the first hour, Monday's loss in stock values had been increased by several billion dollars, and the panic was in full cry.

And along with panic came near chaos. Whatever else may be said about Tuesday, May 29th, it will be long remembered as the day when there was something very close to a complete breakdown in the reticulated, automated, mind-boggling complex of technical facilities that makes nationwide stock-trading possible in a huge country where nearly one out of six adults is a stockholder. Many orders were executed at prices far different from the ones agreed to by the customers placing the orders; many others were lost in transmission, or in the snow of scrap paper that covered the Exchange floor, and were never executed at all. Sometimes brokerage firms were prevented from executing orders by simple inability to get in touch with their floor men. As the day progressed, Monday's heavy-traffic records were not only broken but made to seem paltry; as one index, Tuesday's closing-time delay in the Exchange tape was two hours and twenty-three minutes, compared to Monday's hour and nine minutes. By a heaven-sent stroke of prescience, Merrill Lynch, which handles over thirteen per cent of all public trading on the Exchange, had just installed a new 7074 computer—the device that can copy the Telephone Directory in three minutes—and, with its help, managed to keep its accounts fairly straight. Another new Merrill Lynch installation—an automatic teletype switching system that occupies almost half a city block and is intended to expedite communication between the firm's various offices—also rose to the occasion, though it got so hot that it could not be touched. Other firms were less fortunate, and in a number of them confusion gained the upper hand so thoroughly that some brokers, tired of trying in vain to get the latest quotations on stocks or to reach their partners on the Exchange floor, are said to have simply thrown up their hands and gone out for a drink. Such unprofessional behavior may have saved their customers a great deal of money.

But the crowning irony of the day was surely supplied by the situation of the tape during the lunch hour. Just before noon, stocks reached their lowest levels—down twenty-three points on the Dow-Jones average. (At its nadir, the average reached 553.75—a safe distance above the 500 that the experts now claim was their estimate of the absolute bottom.) Then they abruptly began an extraordinarily vigorous recovery. At 12:45, by which time the recovery had become a mad scramble to buy, the tape was fifty-six minutes late; therefore, apart from fleeting intimations supplied by a few "flash" prices, the ticker was engaged in informing the stock-market community of a selling panic at a moment when what was actually in progress was a buying panic.

THE great turnaround late in the morning took place in a manner that would have appealed to de la Vega's romantic nature—suddenly and rather melodramatically. The key stock involved was American Telephone & Telegraph, which, just as on the previous day, was being universally watched and was unmistakably influencing the whole market. The key man, by the nature of his job, was George M. L. La Branche, Jr., senior partner in La Branche and Wood & Co., the firm that was acting as floor specialist in Telephone. (Floor specialists are broker-dealers who are responsible for maintaining orderly markets in the particular stocks with which they are charged. In the course of meeting their responsibilities, they often have the curious duty of taking risks with their own money against their own better judgment. Various authorities, seeking to reduce the element of human fallibility in the market, have lately been trying to figure out a way to replace the specialists with machines, but so far without success. One big stumbling block seems to be the question: If the mechanical specialists should lose their shirts, who would pay their losses?) La Branche, who is sixty-four, is a short, sharp-featured, dapper, peppery man who is fond of sporting one of the Exchange floor's comparatively few Phi Beta Kappa keys; he has been a specialist since 1924, and his firm has been the specialist in Telephone since late in 1929. His characteristic habitat—indeed, the spot where he spends some five and a half hours almost every weekday of his life—is immediately in front

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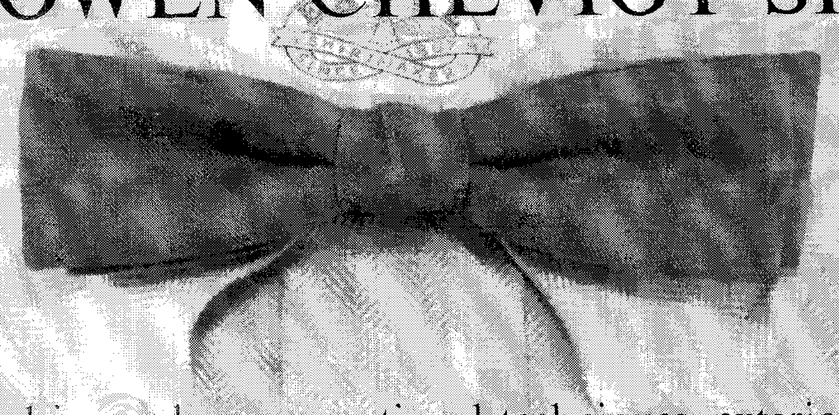

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of Post 15, in the part of the Exchange that is not readily visible from the visitors' gallery and is commonly called the Garage; there, feet planted firmly apart to fend off any sudden surges of would-be buyers or sellers, he customarily stands with pencil poised in a thoughtful way over an unprepossessing loose-leaf ledger, in which he keeps a record of all outstanding orders to buy and sell Telephone stock at various price levels. Not surprisingly, the ledger is known as the Telephone book. La Branche had, of course, been at the center of the excitement all day Monday, when Telephone was leading the market downward. As specialist, he had been rolling with the punch like a fighter—or to adopt his own more picturesque metaphor, bobbing like a cork on ocean combers. "Telephone is kind of like the sea," La Branche said later. "Generally, it is calm and kindly. Then all of a sudden a great wind comes and whips up a giant wave. The wave sweeps over and deluges everybody; then it sucks back again. You have to give with it. You can't fight it, any more than King Canute could." On Tuesday morning, after Monday's drenching eleven-point drop, the great wave was still rolling; the sheer clerical task of sorting and matching the orders that had come in overnight—not to mention finding a Stock Exchange official and obtaining his permission—took so long that the first trade in Telephone could not be made until almost an hour after the Exchange's opening. When Telephone did enter the lists, at one minute before eleven, its price was 98½—down 2⅛ from Monday's closing. Over the next three-quarters of an hour or so, while the financial world watched it the way a sea captain might watch the barometer in a hurricane, Telephone fluctuated between 99, which it reached on momentary minor rallies, and 98⅛, which proved to be its bottom. It touched the lower figure on three separate occasions, with rallies between—a fact that La Branche has spoken of as if it had a magical or mystical significance. And perhaps it had; at any rate, after the third dip buyers of Telephone began to turn up at Post 15, sparse and timid at first, then more numerous and aggressive. At 11:45, the stock sold at 98¾; a few minutes later, at 99; at 11:50, at 99⅜; and finally, at 11:55, it sold at 100.

Many commentators have expressed the opinion that that first sale of Telephone at 100 marked the exact point at which the whole market changed direction. Since Telephone is among the stocks on which the ticker gives flashes

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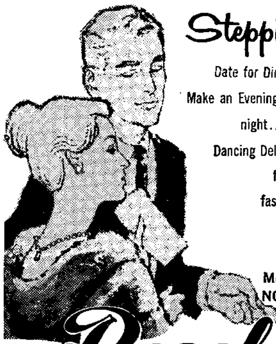

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during periods of tape delay, the financial community learned of the transaction almost immediately, and at a time when everything else it was hearing was very bad news indeed; the theory goes that the hard fact of Telephone's recovery of almost two points worked together with a purely fortuitous circumstance—the psychological impact of the good, round number 100—to tip the scales. La Branche, while agreeing that the rise of Telephone did a lot to bring about the general upturn, differs as to precisely which transaction was the crucial one. To him, the first sale at 100 was insufficient proof of lasting recovery, because it involved only a small number of shares (a hundred, as far as he remembers). He knew that in his book he had orders to sell almost twenty thousand shares of Telephone at 100. If the demand for shares at that price were to run out before this two-million-dollar supply was exhausted, then the price of Telephone would drop again, possibly going as low as 98⅛ for a fourth time. And a man like La Branche, who thinks in nautical terms, may have associated a certain finality with the notion of going down for a fourth time.

It did not happen. Several small transactions at 100 were made in rapid succession, followed by several more, involving larger volume. Altogether, about half the supply of the stock at that price was gone when John J. Cranley, floor partner of Dreyfus & Co., moved unobtrusively into the crowd at Post 15 and bid 100 for ten thousand shares of Telephone—just enough to clear out the supply and thus pave the way for a further rise. Cranley did not say whether he was bidding on behalf of his firm, one of its customers, or the Dreyfus Fund, a mutual fund that Dreyfus & Co. manages through one of its subsidiaries; the size of the order suggests that the principal was the Dreyfus Fund. In any case, La Branche needed only to say "Sold," and as soon as the two men had made notations of it, the transaction was completed. Whereupon Telephone could no longer be bought for 100.

There is historical precedent (though not from de la Vega's day) for the single large Stock Exchange transaction that turns the market, or is intended to turn it. At half past one on October 24, 1929—the dreadful day that has gone down in financial history as Black Thursday—Richard Whitney, then acting president of the Exchange and probably the best-known figure on its floor, strode conspicuously (some say "jauntily") up to the post where U.S. Steel was traded, and bid 205, the price

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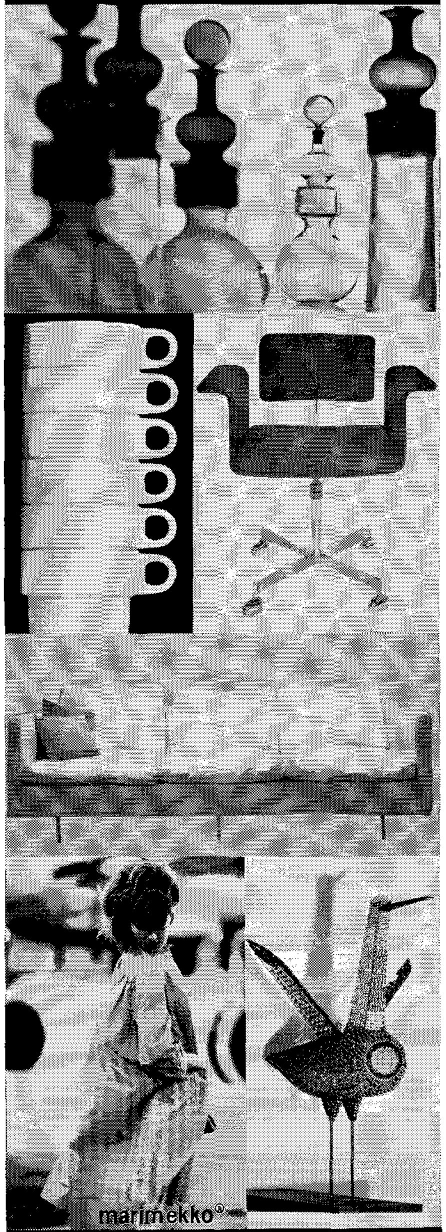

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of the last sale, for ten thousand shares. But there are two crucial differences between the 1929 trade and the 1962 one. In the first place, Whitney's stagy bid was a calculated effort to create an effect, while Cranley's, delivered without fanfare, was apparently just a move to get a bargain for the Dreyfus Fund. Secondly, only an evanescent rally followed the 1929 deal—the next week's losses made Black Thursday look no worse than gray—while a genuinely solid recovery followed the one in 1962. The moral may be that psychological gestures on the Exchange are most effective when they are neither intended nor really needed. At all events, a general rally began almost immediately. Having broken through the 100 barrier, Telephone leaped wildly upward: at 12:18, it was traded at 101¼; at 12:41, at 103½; and at 1:05, at 106¼. General Motors went from 45½ at 11:46 to 50 at 1:38. Standard Oil of New Jersey went from 46¾ at 11:46 to 51 at 1:28. U.S. Steel went from 49½ at 11:40 to 52⅜ at 1:28. I.B.M. was, in its way, the most dramatic case of the lot. All morning, its stock had been kept out of trading by an overwhelming preponderance of selling orders, and the guesses as to its ultimate opening price varied from a loss of ten points to a loss of twenty or thirty; now such an avalanche of buying orders appeared that when it was at last technically possible for the stock to be traded, just before two o'clock, it opened *up* four points, on a huge block of thirty thousand shares. At 12:28, less than half an hour after the big Telephone trade, the Dow-Jones news service was sure enough of what was happening to state flatly, "The market has turned strong."

And so it had, but the speed of the turnaround produced more irony. When the broad tape has occasion to transmit an extended news item, such as a report on a prominent man's speech, it customarily breaks the item up into a series of short sections, which can then be transmitted at intervals, leaving time in the interstices for such spot news as the latest prices from the Exchange floor. This was what it did during the early afternoon of May 29th with a speech delivered to the National Press Club by H. Ladd Plumley, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which began to be reported on the Dow-Jones tape at 12:25, or at almost exactly the same time that the same news source declared the market to have turned strong. As the speech came out in sections on the broad tape, it created an odd effect indeed. The tape started off by saying that Plum-

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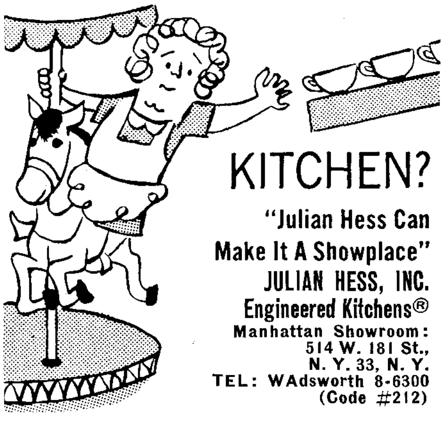

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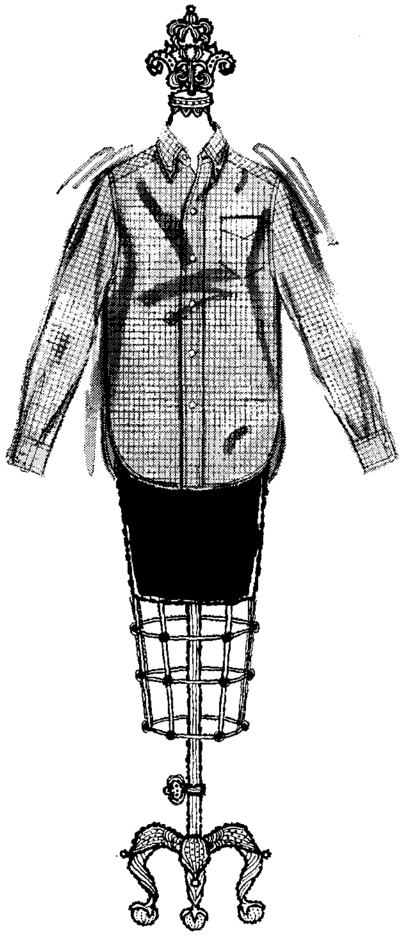
ley had called for "a thoughtful appreciation of the present lack of business confidence." At this point, there was an interruption for a few minutes' worth of stock prices, all of them sharply higher. Then the tape returned to Plumley, who was now warming to his task and blaming the stock-market plunge on "the coincidental impact of two confidence-upsetting factors—a dimming of profit expectations and President Kennedy's quashing of the steel price increase." Then came a longer interruption, chock-full of reassuring facts and figures. At its conclusion, Plumley was back on the tape, hammering away at his theme, which had now taken on overtones of "I told you so." "We have had an awesome demonstration that the 'right business climate' cannot be brushed off as a Madison Avenue cliché but is a reality much to be desired," the broad tape quoted him as saying. So it went through the early afternoon; it must have been a heady time for the Dow-Jones subscribers, who could alternately nibble at the caviar of higher stock prices and sip the champagne of Plumley's jabs at the Kennedy administration.

IT was during the last hour and a half on Tuesday that the pace of trading on the Exchange reached its most frantic. The official count of trades recorded after three o'clock (that is, in the last half hour) came to just over seven million shares—in normal times, an unheard-of figure even for a whole day's trading. When the closing bell sounded, a cheer again arose from the floor—this one a good deal more full-throated than Monday's, because the day's gain of 27.03 points in the Dow-Jones average meant that almost three-quarters of Monday's losses had been recouped; of the $20,800,000,000 that had summarily vanished on Monday, $13,500,000,000 had now reappeared. (These heart-warming figures weren't available until hours after the close, but experienced securities men are vouchsafed visceral intuitions of surprising statistical accuracy; some of them claim that at Tuesday's closing they could feel in their guts a Dow-Jones gain of over twenty-five points, and there is no reason to dispute their claim.) The mood was cheerful, then, but the hours were long. Because of the greater trading volume, tickers ticked and lights burned even farther into the night than they had on Monday; the Exchange tape did not print the day's last transaction until 8:15—four and three-quarters hours after it had actually occurred. Nor did the next



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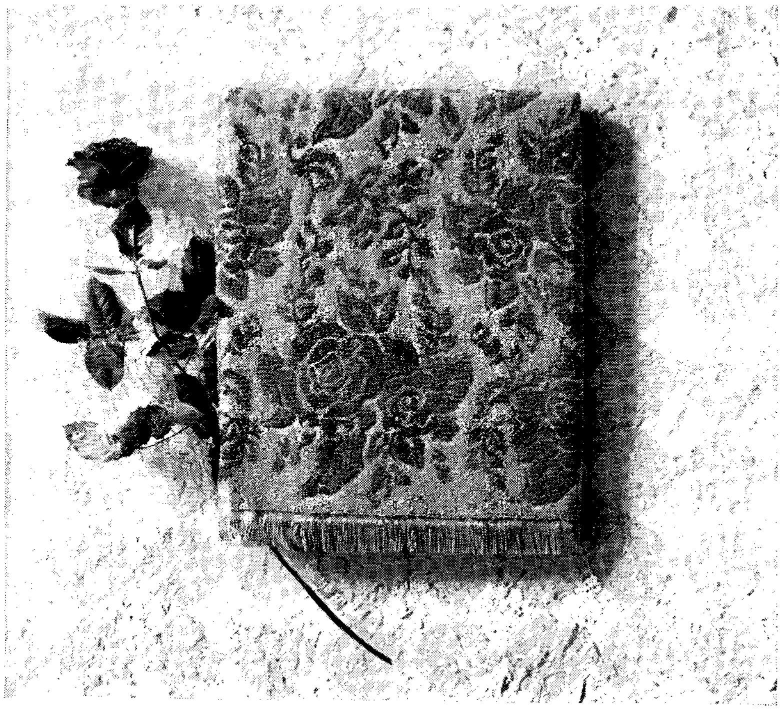

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day, Memorial Day, turn out to be a day off for the securities business. Wise old Wall Streeters have expressed the opinion that the holiday, falling by happy chance in the middle of the crisis and thus providing an opportunity for the cooling of overheated emotions, may have been the biggest factor in preventing the crisis from becoming a disaster. What it indubitably did provide was a chance for the Stock Exchange and its member organizations—all of whom had been directed to remain at their battle stations over the holiday—to begin picking up the pieces. The insidious effects of a late tape had to be explained to thousands of naïve customers who thought they had bought U.S. Steel at, say, 50, only to find later that they had paid 54 or 55. The complaints of thousands of other customers could not be so easily answered. One brokerage house discovered that two orders it had sent to the floor at precisely the same time—one to buy Telephone at the prevailing price, the other to sell the same quantity at the prevailing price—had resulted in the seller's getting 102 per share for his stock and the buyer's paying 108 for his. Badly shaken by a situation that seemed to cast doubt on the validity of the law of supply and demand, the brokerage house made inquiries and found that the buying order had got temporarily lost in the crush and had failed to reach Post 15 until the price had gone up six points. Since the mistake had not been the customer's, the brokerage firm paid him the difference. As for the Stock Exchange itself, it had a variety of problems to deal with on Wednesday, among them that of keeping happy a team of television men from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation who, having forgotten all about the United States custom of observing a holiday on May 30th, had flown down from Montreal to take pictures of Wednesday's action on the Exchange. At the same time, Exchange officials were necessarily pondering the problem of Monday's and Tuesday's scandalously laggard ticker, which everyone agreed had been at the very heart of—if not, indeed, the cause of—the most nearly catastrophic technical snarl in history. The Exchange's defense of itself, later set down in detail, amounts, in effect, to a complaint that the crisis came two years too soon. "It would be inaccurate to suggest that all investors were served with normal speed and efficiency by existing facilities," the Exchange conceded, with characteristic conservatism, and went on to say that a ticker with almost twice the speed of the present one is expected to be ready for installation in

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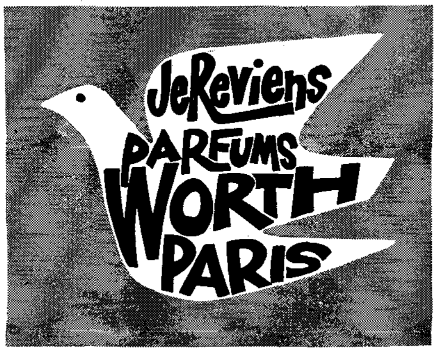

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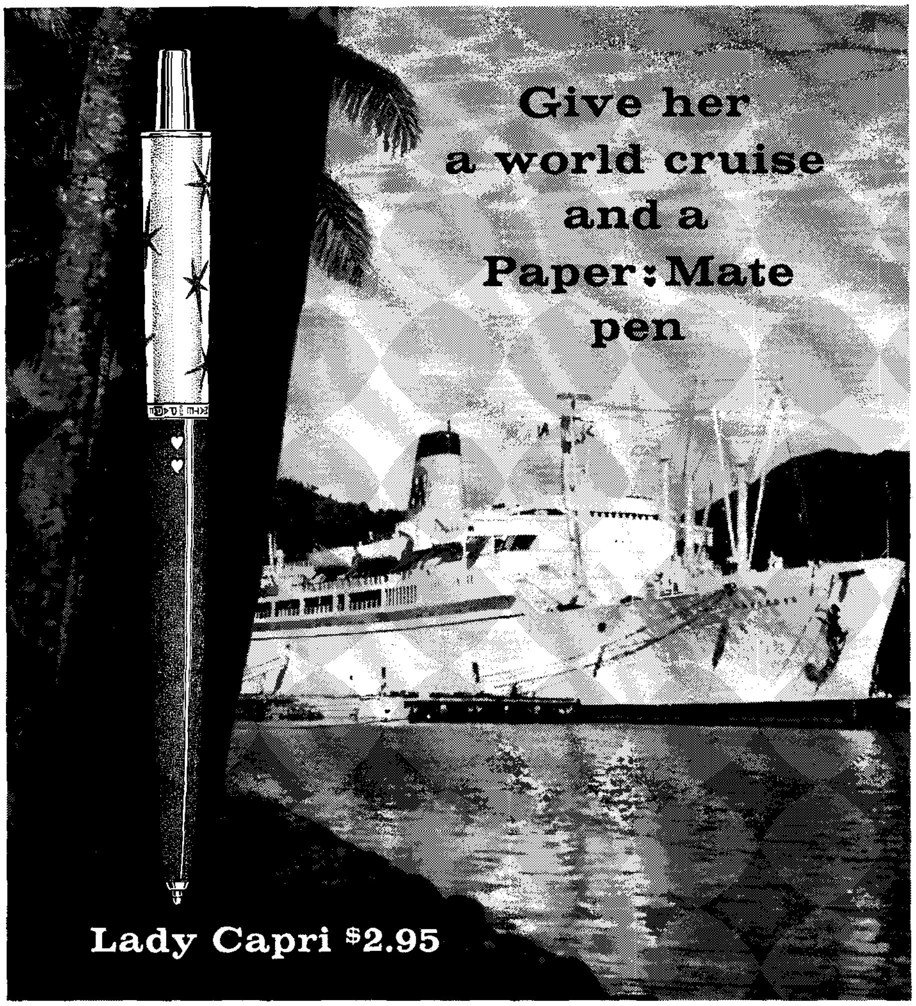
1964. The fact that the hurricane hit while the shelter was under construction was characterized by the Exchange as "perhaps ironic."

There was still plenty of cause for concern on Thursday morning. After a period of panic selling, the market has a habit of bouncing back dramatically and then resuming its slide. More than one broker recalled that on October 30, 1929—immediately after the all-time-record two-day decline, and immediately before the start of the truly disastrous slide that was to continue for years and precipitate the great depression—the Dow-Jones gain had been 28.40, representing a rebound ominously comparable to this one. In other words, the market still suffers at times from what de la Vega clinically called "antiperistasis"—the tendency to reverse itself, then reverse the reversal, and so on. A follower of the antiperistasis system of security analysis might have concluded that the market was now poised for another dive. As things turned out, of course, it wasn't. Thursday was a day of steady, orderly rises in stock prices. Minutes after the ten-o'clock opening, the broad tape spread the news that brokers everywhere were being deluged with buying orders, many of them coming from South America, Asia, and the Western European countries that are normally active in the New York stock market. "Orders still pouring in from all directions," the broad tape announced exultantly just before eleven. Lost money was magically reappearing, and more was on the way. Shortly before two o'clock, the Dow-Jones tape, having proceeded from euphoria to insouciance, took time off from market reports to include a note on plans for a boxing match between Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston. Markets in Europe, reacting to New York on the upturn just as they had on the downturn, had risen sharply. New York copper futures had recovered over eighty per cent of their Monday and Tuesday-morning losses, so Chile's treasury was mostly bailed out. As for the Dow-Jones industrial average at closing, it figured out to 613.36, meaning that the week's losses had been wiped out *in toto*, with a little bit to spare. The crisis was over. In Morgan's terms, the market had fluctuated; in de la Vega's terms, antiperistasis had been demonstrated.

ALL last summer, and even into this year, security analysts and other experts cranked out their explanations of what had happened, and so great were the logic, solemnity, and detail



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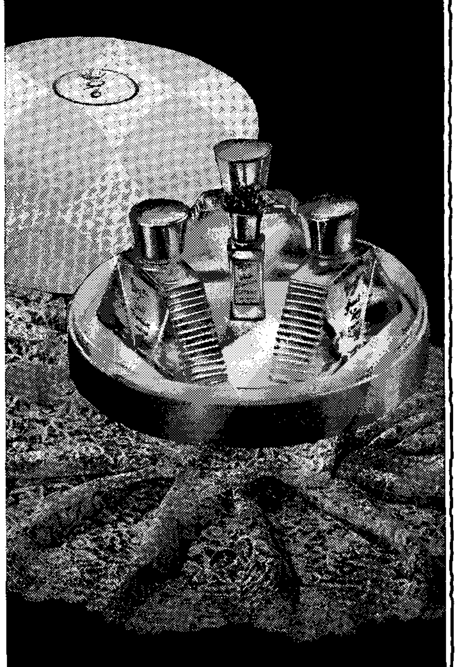

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of these diagnoses that they lost only a little of their force through the fact that hardly any of the authors had had the slightest idea what was *going* to happen before the crisis occurred. (The most recent commentator on the subject was the staff of the Securities and Exchange Commission; it touched several times on the 1962 market break in its fifty-four-hundred-page study of the securities business, the last four chapters of which were submitted to Congress early this month.) Probably the most scholarly and detailed report on who did the selling that caused the crisis was furnished by the New York Stock Exchange itself, which began sending elaborate questionnaires to its individual and corporate members immediately after the commotion was over. The Exchange calculated that during the three days of the crisis rural areas of the country were more active in the market than they customarily are; that women investors had sold two and a half times as much stock as men investors; that foreign investors were far more active than usual, accounting for 5.5 per cent of the total volume, and, on balance, were substantial sellers; and, most striking of all, that what the Exchange calls "public individuals"—individual investors, as opposed to institutional ones, which is to say people who would be described anywhere but on Wall Street as *private* individuals—played an astonishingly large role in the whole affair, accounting for an unprecedented 56.8 per cent of the total volume. Breaking down the public individuals into income categories, the Exchange calculated that those with family incomes of over twenty-five thousand dollars a year were the heaviest and most insistent sellers, while those with incomes under ten thousand dollars, after selling on Monday and early on Tuesday, bought so many shares on Thursday that they actually became net buyers over the three-day period. Furthermore, according to the Exchange's calculations, about a million shares—or 3.5 per cent of the total volume during the three days—were sold as a result of margin calls. In sum, if there was a villain, it appeared to have been the relatively rich investor not connected with the securities business—and, more often than might have been expected, the female, rural, or foreign one, in many cases playing the market partly on borrowed money.

The role of the hero was filled, surprisingly, by that most frightening of untested forces in the market—the mutual funds. The Exchange's statistics show that on Monday, when prices were

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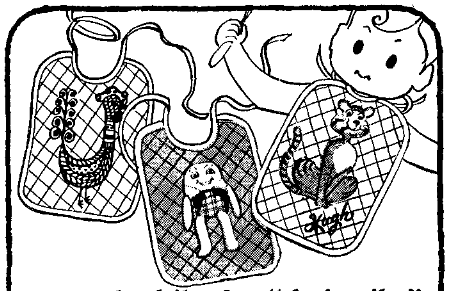

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plunging, the funds bought 530,000 more shares than they sold, while on Thursday, when investors in general were stumbling over each other trying to buy stock, the funds, on balance, *sold* 375,000 shares; in other words, far from increasing the market's fluctuation, the funds actually served as a stabilizing force. Exactly how this unexpectedly benign effect came about is a matter of debate. Since no one has been heard to suggest that the funds acted out of sheer public-spiritedness during the crisis, it seems safe to assume that they were buying on Monday because their managers had spotted bargains, and were selling on Thursday because of chances to cash in on profits. As for the problem of redemptions, there were, as had been feared, a large number of mutual-fund shareholders who demanded millions of dollars of their money in cash when the market crashed, but apparently the mutual funds had so much cash on hand that in most cases they could pay off their shareholders without selling substantial amounts of stock. Taken as a group, the funds proved to be so rich and so conservatively managed that they not only could weather the storm but, by happy inadvertence, could do something to decrease its violence. Whether the same conditions would exist in a future storm is another matter.

In the last analysis, the cause of the May crisis remains unfathomable; what is known is that it occurred, and that something like it could occur again. As one of Wall Street's aged, ever-anonymous seers put it recently, "I was concerned, but at no time did I think it would be another 1929. I never said the Dow-Jones would go down to four hundred. I said *five* hundred. The point is that now, in contrast to 1929, the government, Republican or Democratic, realizes that it must be attentive to the needs of business. There will never be apple-sellers on Wall Street again. As to whether what happened in May can happen again—of course it can. I think that people may be more careful for a year or two, and then we may see another speculative buildup followed by another crash, and so on until God makes people less greedy."

Or, as de la Vega said, "It is foolish to think that you can withdraw from the Exchange after you have tasted the sweetness of the honey."

—John Brooks

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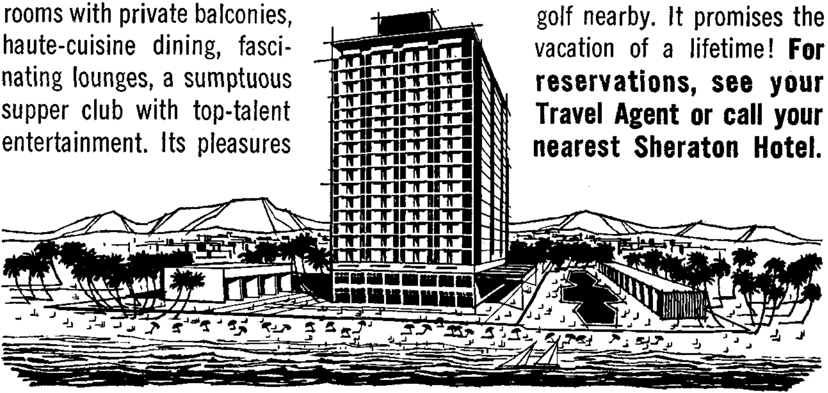

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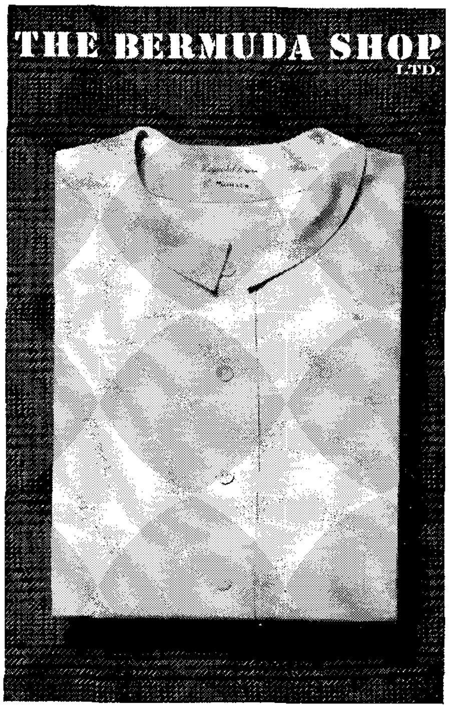

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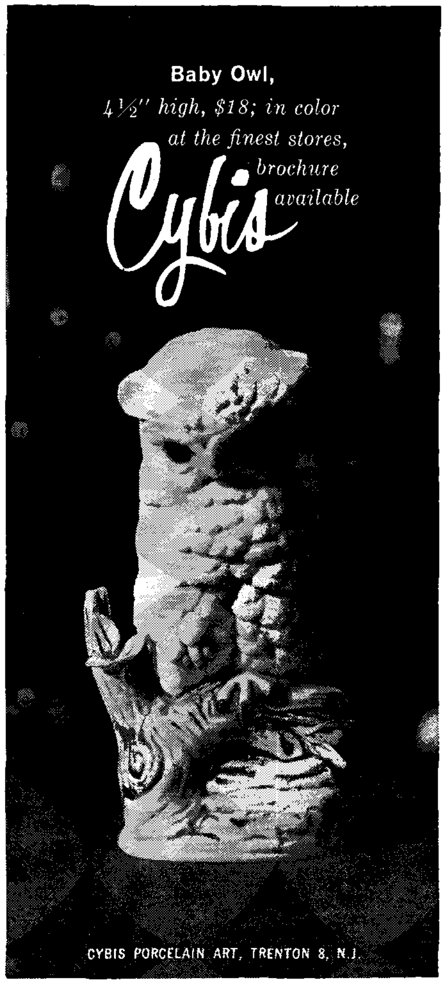

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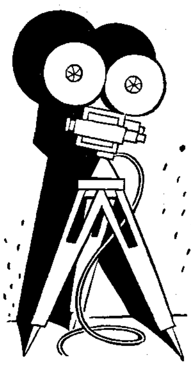

FIRST the Birds and now the Kids. The old standards of innocence are under fire. Perhaps it was Henry James who originally turned the screws on the clean Wordsworthian image of childhood. Anyway, that romantic notion had long ago been knocked out of literature, and then Hitchcock smeared the Franciscan reputation of birds, leaving us with no fixed moral point by which to navigate. The world has become a satanic sea, and we are adrift in a hurricane of evil, with the polestar of innocence gone forever. A few years back, in his imaginative and, one supposes, unsettling novel "Lord of the Flies," William Golding ruined whatever illusions we had left, stomping them to death with Hobbes-nailed boots. Professor C. B. MacPherson, in his recent book "The Political Theory of Possessive Individualism," makes an interesting point that has a vital bearing on the main thesis of "Lord of the Flies." He says that Hobbes' theory of the natural man (a nasty brute with a short, ferocious life) is not, as some have held, derived from some actual original state; it is a deduction from current naughtiness, a retroactive fiction that draws its gloomy conclusions from evidence in the here and now. In other words, its pessimism works backward. While seeming to lay our present ferocity to the persistence of an original brutishness, it actually postulates that ancient state on the basis of the hoggishness we have at hand. It appears to be Golding's view that the public-school cherubs in his novel *revert* to a primitive state. In reality—to look at it the way Professor MacPherson might—they merely ditch a few courtesies and reveal a full-blown version of the bullying nastiness that they already showed back in England's green and pleasant land. And this is the strength of Peter Brook's remarkable film version of Golding's novel.

With an uncanny ear for locker-room chat, Brook, who both adapted and directed "Lord of the Flies," has reproduced all the callow customs of the English public school. Far from being,

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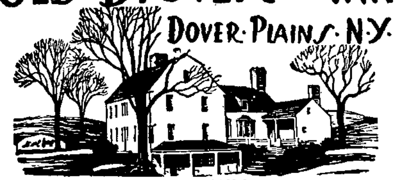

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Saturday afternoon with the young fry—Mark Shaw photo

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as Golding had it, a universal allegory or a parable about the human condition in general, this is a brilliant local satire. For all its war paint and bonfires, totems and pigsticking, it never departs from the classroom idiom, and in this it has a great deal in common with Robert Musil's "Young Törless." The desert island is a convenient dramatic counterpart of the Austrian attic where the young toffs act out their sadistic ceremonies. It's an undress version of familiar public-school vice, removed from the restraining hand of "sir"—an al-fresco production of "Tom Brown's School Days," with Jack, the fierce young chorister, filling in for Flashman, the bully of the upper fifth. The satire gains strength by this adherence to local color, and it is greatly to Brook's credit that he has not been seduced away from it by the booming generality of the book. All that stuff about mythopoesis is nice enough, but it shouldn't distract one from the humdrum exchanges between the actual boys, since it is in these that the satire really finds its meat. The details of "picking up sides," the furtive giggles at a bare-bottom beating, the wrangling over leadership, and the inky chatter of the younger boys are beautifully captured in Brook's free improvisations. This adds up to a drama that is far more piercing and, in the end, makes a far more convincing point than any of the book's anthropological ideas, which, when they are not trivial, are certainly dubious. Brook's direction has been attacked elsewhere for having his boys talk like young public-school boys and for failing to show them as young savages. Yet this seems to be its triumph. The picture's final burst of anarchy, for all its fierceness, is not a return to some hypothetical state of savagery; it's just schoolboys run wild—murderous and bloodthirsty, perhaps, but still schoolboys. When authority goes and misrule prevails, we do *not* return to a primeval condition but rush instead toward a more turbulent and hectic form of our previous, civilized condition.

There is an astonishing performance by Hugh Edwards as the myopic Piggy. Stumbling along the strand in his long, baggy shorts, this extraordinary young man has mastered the style of Golding's fat, cowardly pragmatist. Crippled by asthma and held up to scorn for his ridiculous figure, Piggy has all the dreary realism of someone whose physical handicaps have driven him to resignation. Disqualified by his bulk from the sporty heroism of his colleagues, he has a plodding common sense that provides a perfect counterpoint to their cruel Jungian fantasies. He is just too

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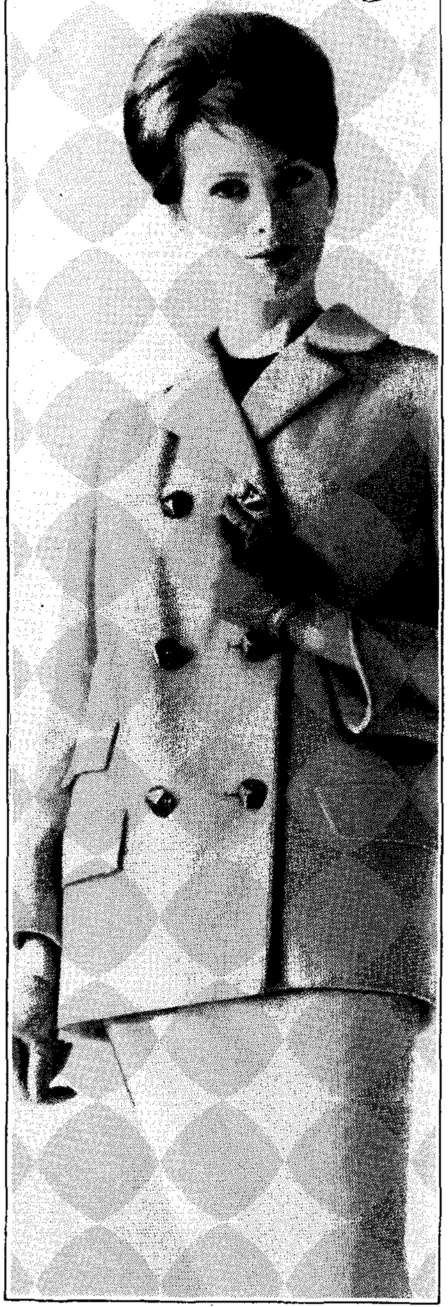

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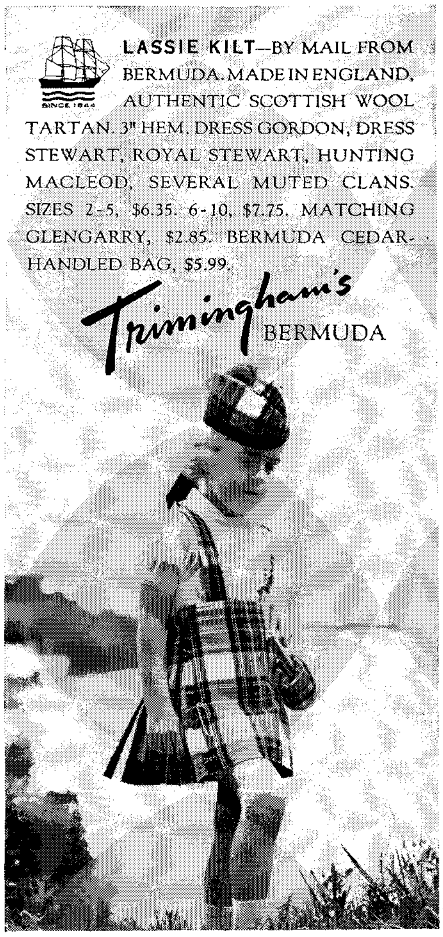

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fat and breathless to be swept away by their athletic volatility of spirit. He is accidentally wise—unmoved by all the talk of monsters not through any superiority of intelligence but because his fat boy's world of tea and telly simply won't allow such aberrations. He serves as ballast to the slightly Wagnerian extremism of his more streamlined schoolmates. Hugh Edwards carries all this off with magnificent aplomb, and the flat, adenoidal monologue in which he tells his mates everything about his home town of Camberley is an inspired episode, placing his role with perfect accuracy. Tom Chapin, as the ruthless Jack, a lanky, pubescent sadist, displays all the moody vanity of this type. Tom Hollyman's photography makes beautiful use of grainy closeups, and the whole thing has been cut with sabre-toothed abruptness by Peter Brook and Gerry Feil. The sound track is conspicuous for a fine, harsh sibilance—the crackle of branches and the hot whine of insects.

—JONATHAN MILLER

•

Mrs. Blagburn played a fantastic interpretation of Moon River, which she has woven into a masterpiece of symbolic moods. She raises the listener to the feeling that he is listening to the Greg Concertso, and passages from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; or was it Beethoven's Fifth? Then in a wild flood tide the river roars like a tiger into a fast jumping rendtion of the Tiger Rag. Then she intrigues her lstener back to the main theme of Moon River giving the full import of the melody all the wey.

The rafters rang with applause when she sang the Beale Street Blues, which with much finesse, she adapted to lyrics to Third Street, San Francisco. She played "Clare De Lune" and "Casey Jones." They begged for more. She played like a "Mrs. Paderekski." It is my observation that she is fast on the ascendancy as the idol cafe society in San Francisco. "Splendor" is the one word which would best sum up Sara Blagburn, the brilliant, talented and glamourous wife of Attorney Charles H. Blagburn. She wowed the crowd!

Mrs. Blagburn wore a mink sheath dress and mink trimmed shoes. We have real class in Butchertown!—*San Francisco Bay Area Independent.*

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THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS IN ZAMBOANGA
By Reese Wolfe

A delightful tale of the sea and of the author's life aboard a tramp steamer bound for the China coast. His closest shipmate is a monkey brought aboard in Java. A book that will awaken a feeling of nostalgia in every reader.—*Adv. in the Book Buyers' Guide.*

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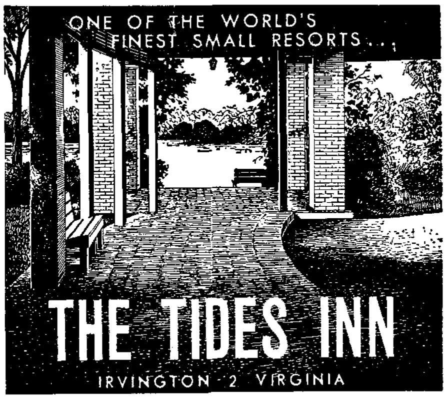

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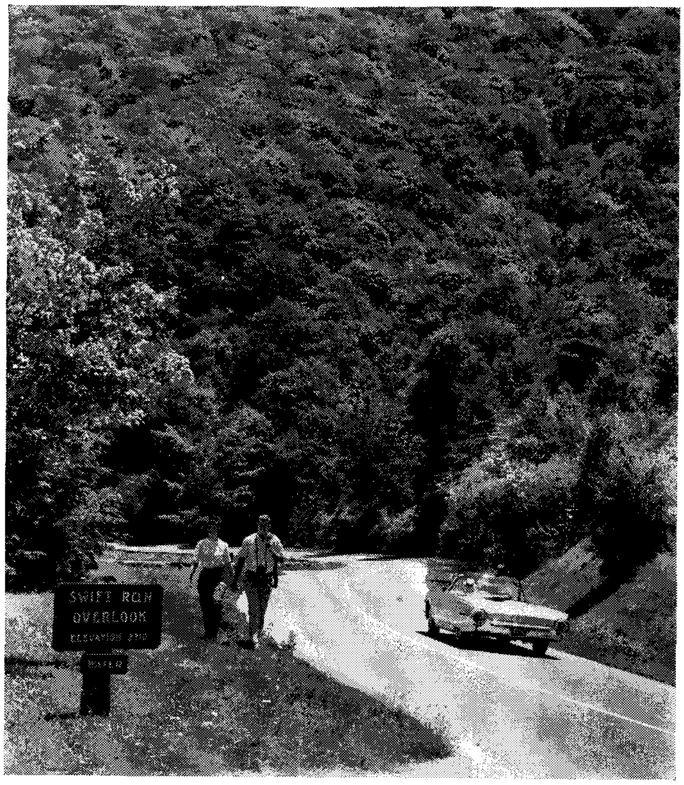
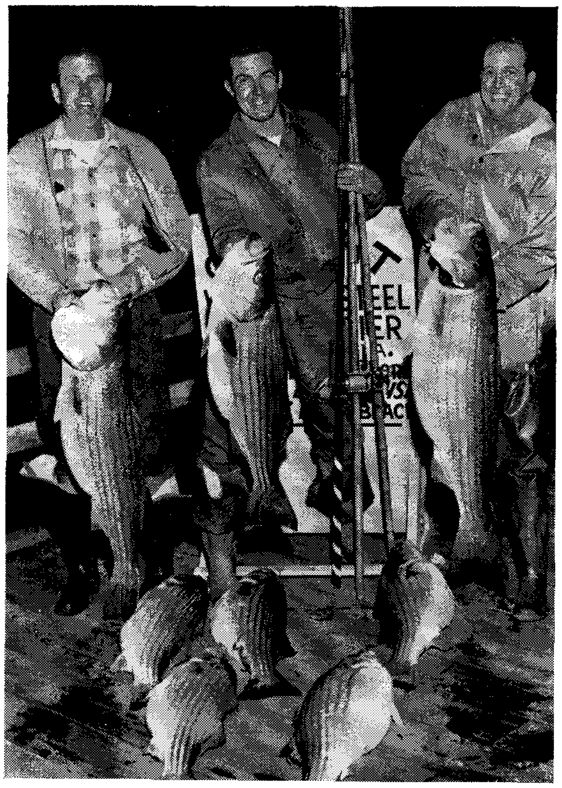


Scarlet and orange, russet and yellow! Fall foliage turns Skyline Drive in Shenandoah National Park, and Blue Ridge Parkway into a kaleidoscope of color for more than 300 miles along the crest of Virginia's mountains.



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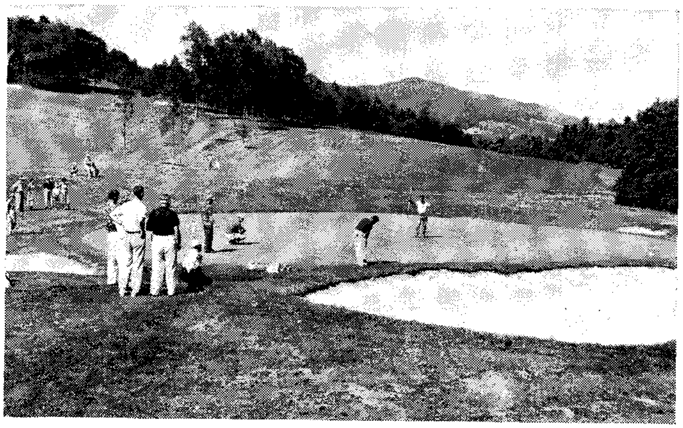

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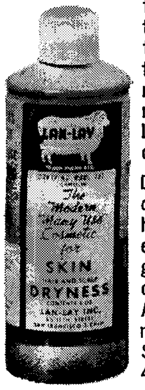

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CONSULTATION

I HAD occasion the other day to do some reading in the library of the New York Academy of Medicine. I had an early lunch near my office, in the West Forties, and then walked over to Sixth Avenue and hailed a cab. I gave the driver the address—103rd Street and Fifth Avenue. We pulled away from the curb and into the flow of traffic.

The driver was a big man, with a big nose and a mane of thin white hair, parted in the middle. He caught my eye in the mirror and gave me a foxy smile. "The Museum of the City of New York," he said. "Right?"

"Not quite," I said. "I want the other corner—the Academy of Medicine."

The smile slid off his face. "The *downtown* corner," he said. "You fooled me without your bag." He cleared his throat. "I want to ask you a question, Doc. They got all these drugs—these vitamins? You know what I mean?"

"Look," I said. "I'm not a—"

"Now, wait a minute," he said. "Wait just a minute. Do I look like the kind of man would try to con you into a free diagnosis?" We came to a stop at a traffic light. He turned his head and looked me in the eye. "I'm not interested in diagnosis, Doc."

"Maybe not," I said. "But—"

"Absolutely not," he said. "There's no maybe about it. I'll promise you that. All I want to know is this." The light changed, and he turned back to the wheel. We cut across Central Park South and into the Park. "I'm married," he said into the mirror. "I've got a wife at home. She spends a lot of time looking at TV. And they've got these commercials—these health commercials? About vitamins? And my wife, it's like they say, she's always tired. That made her interested. So she went and got herself some. Every kind there is. A whole bottle." He shook his head. "I'll tell you, Doc, I have to laugh."

"Laugh?" I said.

"That's what I want to ask you," he said. "I thought she was crazy. But that was three months ago. Now she sleeps like a baby. And those circles under her eyes—they're practically gone. Headaches? She don't know the meaning of the word. Or colds. Or those cramps in her legs. Even her fingernails. The way they used to break? No more." We emerged from the Park on 102nd Street. "The other question I've

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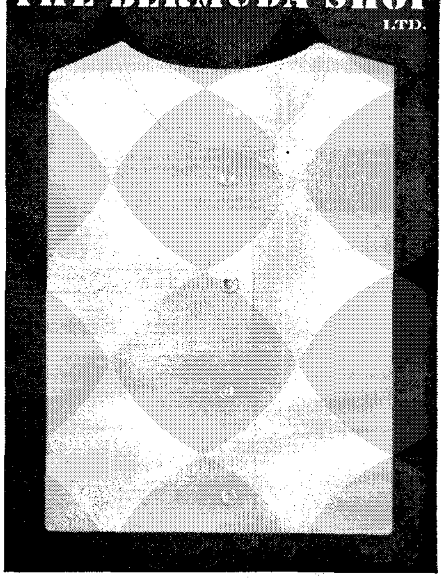

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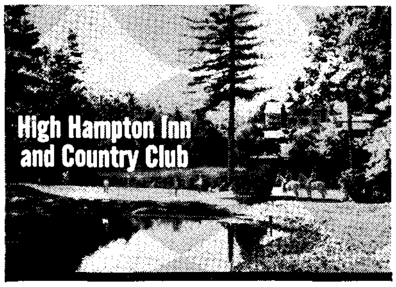

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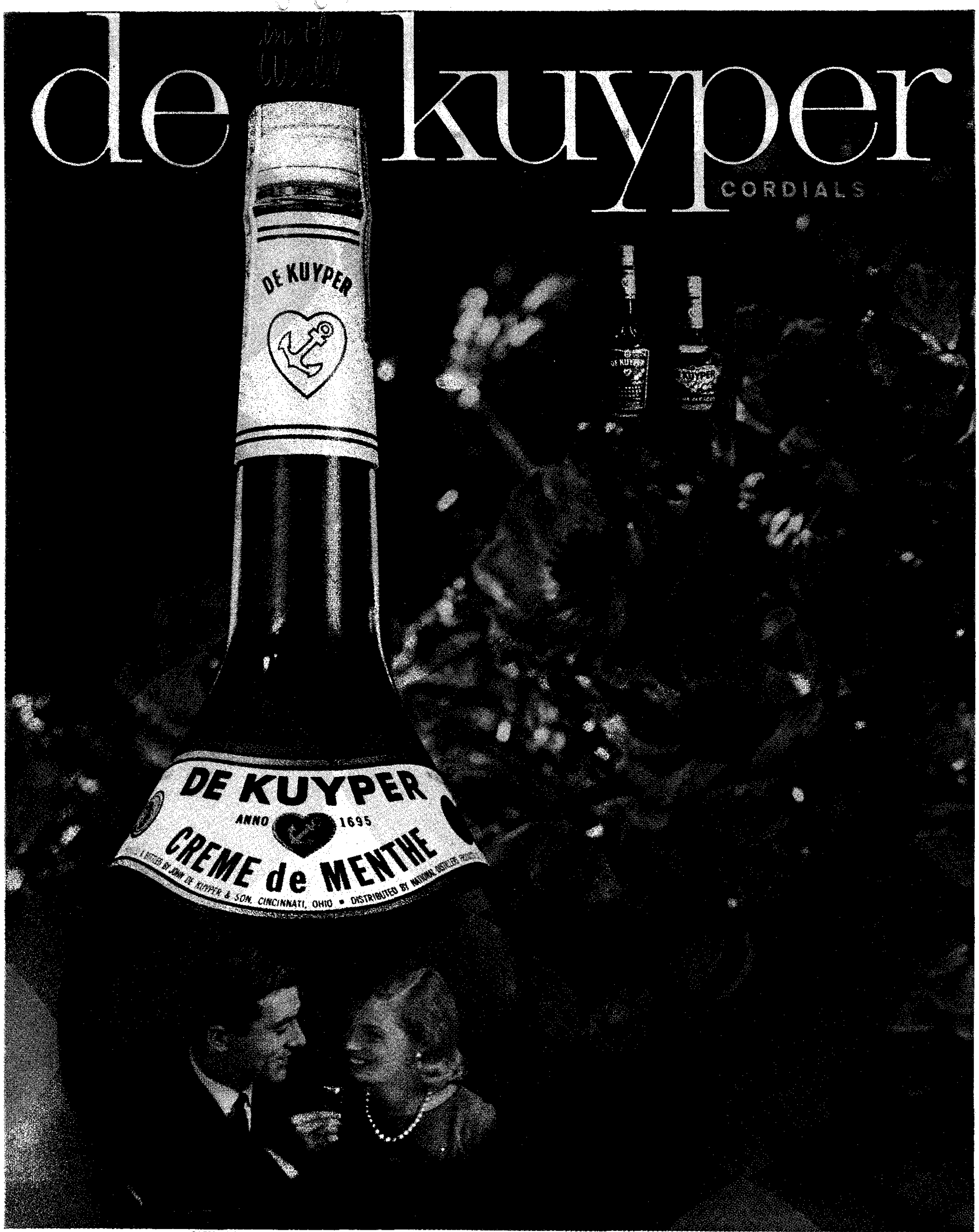
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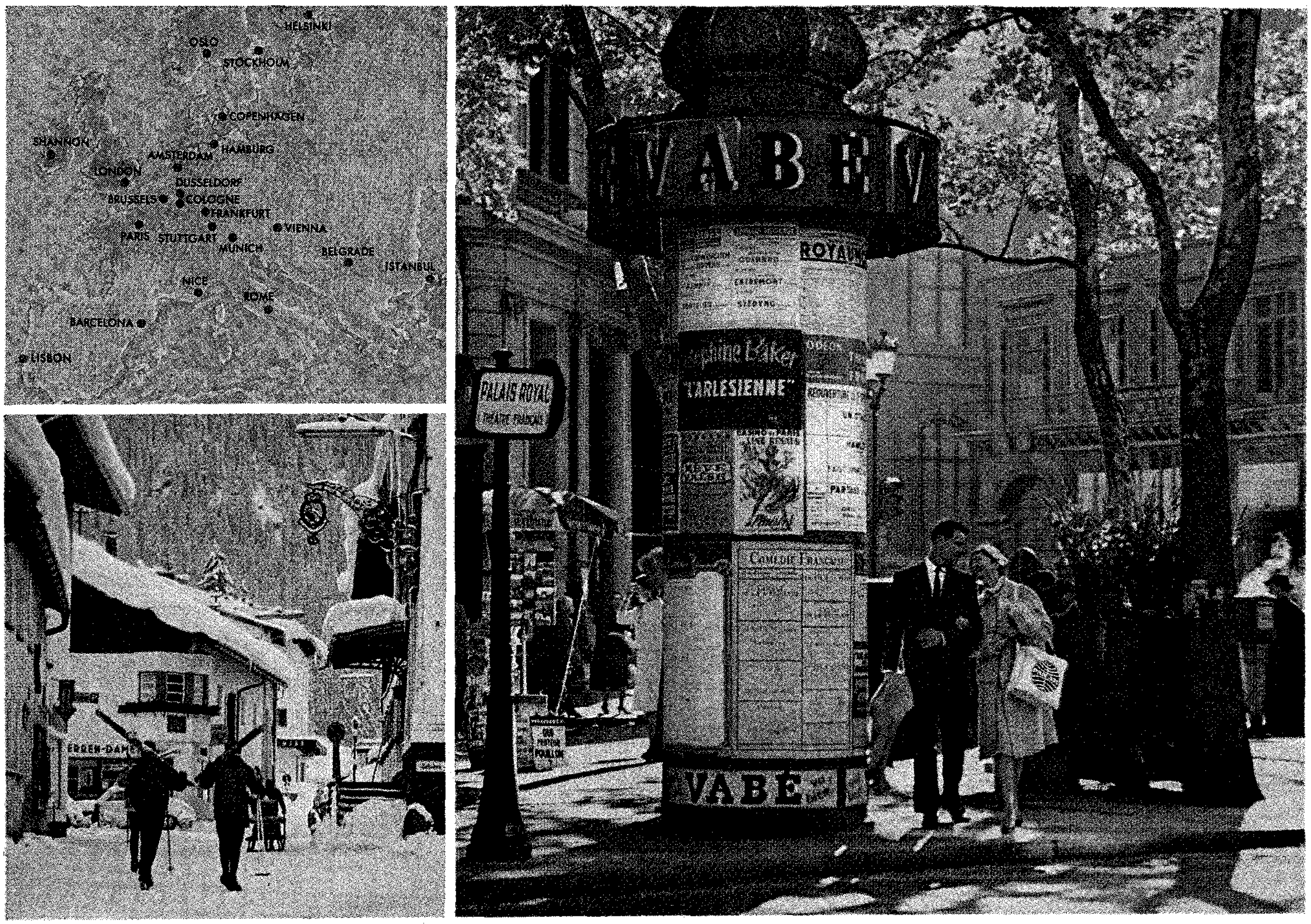
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got on my mind is this." He swung left into Fifth. "Suppose I did the same? Would they do the same for me?"

"Well," I said. "I don't really—"

"The reason I asked is because she gave me one this morning," he said. "One of the big red ones? I took it after breakfast. And usually about this time I get this pain in my back. It usually always comes on about this time—by noon, at the latest. But today it's like a miracle." He pulled up at 103rd Street and tripped the flag on his meter. "I don't feel hardly a thing."

I paid him and tipped him and opened the door.

"So long, Doc," he said. "And thanks for the advice. I needed it."

—Berton Roueché

•

CLEAR DAYS ON CAPITOL HILL

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Mansfield. Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry.

The Vice President. The Senator from Montana will state it.

Mr. Mansfield. Is it correct that on Thursday last the leadership made a joint announcement, with the concurrence of the distinguished Senator from Washington [Mr. Magnuson], chairman, the Committee on Commerce, that Senate bill 684, relating to control of freight forwarders, would be postponed indefinitely or until some later date?

The Vice President. The Chair was not present at the time when the announcement was made. The Chair directs the clerk to refer to the Journal, to ascertain whether such an announcement was made.

The Chair is informed by the clerk that the further consideration of that bill was postponed indefinitely.

Mr. Mansfield. Mr. President, I wish to state, for the Record, that it is my impression that the bill was postponed not only indefinitely, but also until some later time—which may or may not be the same thing. I thank the Chair.

•

Dear Heloise: I discovered when I moved that I had only three kitchen windows in the new house (I had had four).

I now wash and iron my extra pair of curtains each week and rotate the curtains weekly.

This way, my curtains are completely clean every three or four weeks and I have only one pair to wash and iron on washdays instead of three.

If you will cut a big plastic bleach bottle in two, you can use the top for a funnel to pour gasoline into your lawn mower.

I took another small plastic bottle, cut the top off and—using a hot ice pick—made lots of holes in the bottom of it. I use this to drain my stainless steel flatware after washing. Steady

—*Des Moines Register*.

And so the golden days glide by.

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color in two superbly relaxed parts of softest wool and mohair—our idea of a dress to live in now. Ember red or teal blue—by Nantucket Knitters, 8 to 16, 50.00 Town Shop, Lord & Taylor, New York—and all suburban stores

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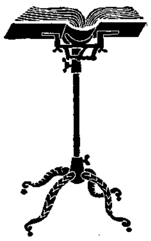
BOOKS

Keeping Up with the Scientists



"The New Scientist—Essays on the Methods and Values of Modern Science," edited by Paul C. Obler and Herman A. Estrin and published by Doubleday Anchor, is a collection of essays whose broad aim is to characterize modern science and its relation to society in general. Among the many authors who have contributed to it are P. W. Bridgman, Gerald Holton, Bertrand Russell, and C. P. Snow. Mr. Obler has written a short preface. Though some of the essays are damaged by the intrusion of a kind of mock-technical, pseudo-scientific jargon in places where simple English would do ("For methodological reasons science is perfectly right in restricting itself to the description and mathematical conceptualization of the mutual relationships among objects; but these objects are determined as being, and as being this and that, and presuppose therefore, logically, determining thought, that is, the subject which, by his thought, determines the being and the being-what of the objects"), others are so striking and the subject they treat is of such real concern that the book is well worth reading.

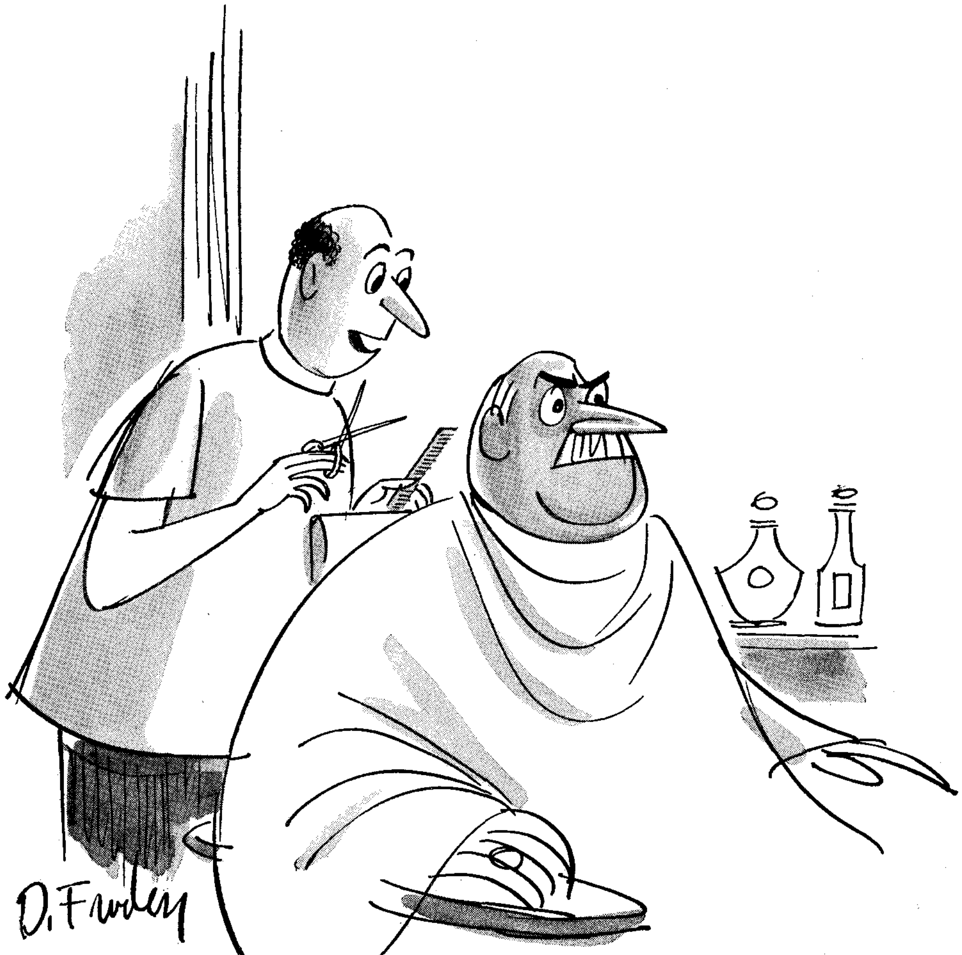
Today, in all the advanced technological societies, we are witnessing a remarkable phenomenon—the enormous support by governments of research in pure science, the results of which are really understandable to only a tiny fraction of the population. In the democratic societies, this means the support of basic research by taxation and ultimately by popular approval. Undoubtedly, much of this approval has been granted because of a confusion between science and technology, or because in many instances (especially under the stimuli of modern war) there has been a very small time lag between discoveries in pure science and their application in technology. Professor Holton, a physicist and historian of science at Harvard, in the first essay in the collection, says, "The bomb is taking the place of the microscope, Wernher Von Braun the place of Einstein, as symbols for modern science and scientists." In another age this confusion might not have had serious consequences, but as long as present-day science is dependent on government and popular support it is important that this support be given on a realistic basis and not under the illusion that there is an obvious connection between, say, building a large particle accelerator and our posture in national defense, or between research in genetics and cures for cancer. There are connections, but they are usually rather indirect, and if public support of scientific research is offered on the assumption that these connections are more immediate, then, as is always the case with illusion, there is bound to be the unhappy day of reckoning.

The root of the problem is a massive ignorance, in most of the broad intellectual community, of what science really is. Indeed, for many intellectuals it is almost "in" not to want to understand science. As Holton puts it:

> When the man in the street—or many an intellectual—hears that you are a physicist or mathematician he will usually remark with a frank smile, "Oh, I never could understand that subject;" while intending this as a curious compliment, he betrays his intellectual dissociation from scientific fields. It is not fashionable to confess to a lack of acquaintance with the latest ephemera in literature or the arts, but one may even exhibit a touch of pride in professing ignorance of the structure of the universe or one's own body, of the behavior of matter, or one's own mind.

Oddly, this attitude seems to be just about peculiar to the present day. The intellectual reaction against science is coinciding with one of the most important periods of scientific ferment and achievement. But scientific culture was once taken for granted as part of the furnishings of an educated man. Holton notes:

> Every great age has been shaped by intellectuals of the stamp of Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Kant, Jefferson, and Franklin—all of whom would have been horrified by the proposition that cultured men and women could dispense with a good grasp



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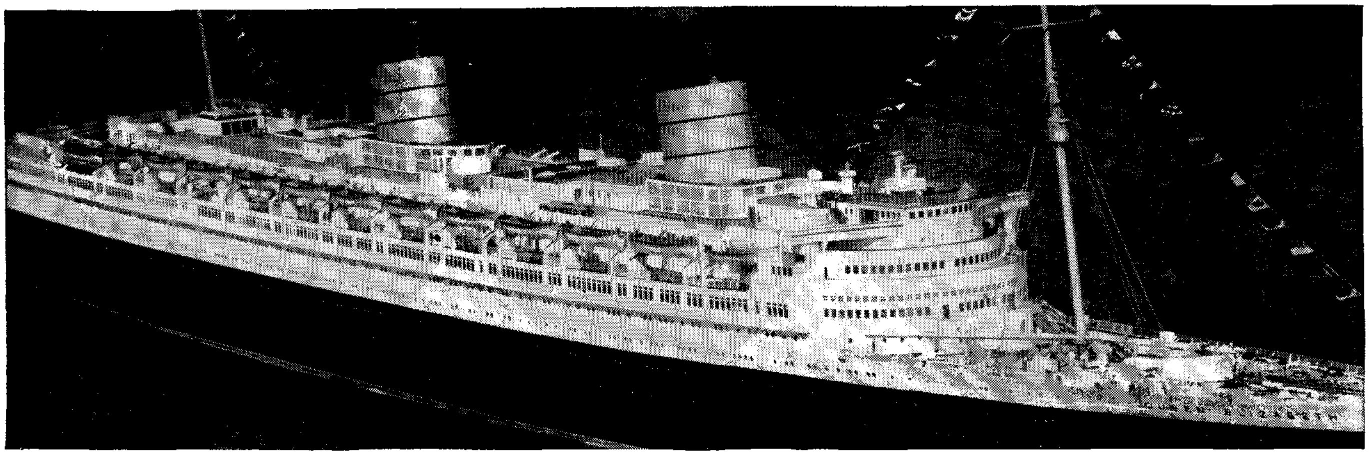

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NASSAU

Nov. 16—*Mauretania* from New York; 5 days, $125 up.

Nov. 21 and Nov. 27—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 5 days, $185 up.

WEST INDIES

Ports you'll visit on these exciting Caribbean cruises include Nassau, San Juan, St. Thomas, Santo Domingo, Kingston, Montego Bay, Martinique, Barbados, Antigua, Curacao, Aruba, La Guaira.

Oct. 5, 19, Nov. 2—*Mauretania* from New York; 12 days, five ports, $300 up.

Nov. 23—*Franconia* from New York (Thanksgiving cruise); 12 days, five ports, $335 up.

Dec. 7—*Franconia* from New York; 12 days, five ports, $320 up.

Dec. 21—*Franconia* from New York (Christmas & New Year's cruise); 15 days, six ports, $460 up.

Dec. 23—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Christmas & New Year's cruise); 13 days, eight ports, $400 up.

1964

GREAT WORLD CRUISE

Jan. 28—*Caronia* from New York around the world via South America, South Africa, India, and the Orient; 95 days, 20 ports, 14 lands, 31,400 miles, $2,875 up.

NASSAU

Feb. 5, Feb. 11, Feb. 19, March 26—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 5 days, $185 up.

WEST INDIES

In addition to the ports listed in 1963 West Indies cruises, 1964 ports of call *also* include Trinidad, Grenada, Cartagena and Cristobal.

Jan. 6—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, $290 up.

Jan. 6—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, $335 up.

Jan. 21—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 13 days, eight ports, $400 up.

Feb. 3—*Franconia* from New York; 20 days, eleven ports, $615 up.

Feb. 4—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, seven ports, $430 up.

Feb. 19—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 14 days, eight ports, $430 up.

Feb. 24—*Franconia* from New York; 17 days, nine ports, $520 up.

March 7—*Carmania* from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.; 12 days, six ports, $335 up.

March 14—*Franconia* from New York; 15 days, six ports, $420 up.

March 30—*Franconia* from New York; 11 days, three ports, $305 up.

April 11—*Franconia* from New York; 12 days, four ports, $320 up.

MEDITERRANEAN

Feb. 27—*Queen Elizabeth* from New York; 25 days, 7 lands, 10,224 miles, $1,125 up.

May 5—*Caronia* Spring cruise from New York to Alexandria, Haifa, Beirut, Athens, and 14 other ports . . . 43 days, 14 countries, 12,351 miles, $1,125 up.

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of the scientific aspect of the contemporary world picture.

Whatever the scientist may think of the anti-scientific attitude he finds around him, he cannot afford to dismiss it, if for no other reason than that public and government support has become essential for so much of what he wants to do in his research. And the inevitable concomitant of ignorance is fear, the fear of what one does not understand. In his excellent contribution to this book, C. P. Snow begins by saying:

> Scientists are the most important occupational group in the world today. At this moment, what they do is of passionate concern to the whole of human society. At this moment, the scientists have little influence on the world effect of what they do. Yet potentially, they can have great influence. The rest of the world is frightened both of what they do—that is, of the intellectual discoveries of science—and of its effect. The rest of the world, transferring its fears, is frightened of the scientists themselves, and tends to think of them as radically different from other men..

And he adds:

> I believe that there is a spring of moral action in the scientific activity which is at least as strong as the search for truth. The name of the spring is *knowledge*. Scientists *know* certain things in a fashion more immediate and more certain than those who don't comprehend what science is. Unless we are abnormally weak or abnormally wicked men, this knowledge is bound to shape our actions. Most of us are timid; but to an extent, knowledge gives us guts.

However—and this is the heart of the matter—many of the results of modern science are difficult to understand. They are far removed from the domain of common sense and everyday experience, and no popularization, however well done, can completely bridge the gap. Even a serious student of physics must work for many years to understand at all deeply a conceptual structure like the quantum theory. But any intelligent layman can get *some* grasp of the basic ideas and, above all, can discover that these ideas are worth an attempt to understand them. Great scientific discoveries are often as beautiful as great creations in the fine arts. Snow puts it this strongly:

> Anyone who has ever done any science knows how much aesthetic joy he has obtained. That is, in the actual *activity* of science, in the process of making a discovery, however humble it is, one can't help feeling an awareness of beauty. The subjective experience, the aesthetic satisfaction, seems exactly the same as the satisfaction one gets from writing a poem or a novel, or composing a piece of music. I don't think anyone has succeeded in distinguishing between them.

Scientists are aware that this is a magnificent age in science and they are eager

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to share and communicate the excitement and content of the new discoveries. But this requires an enlightened audience and a reintegration of scientific culture into the rest of the cultural fabric. Most of the essays in "The New Scientist" are by scientists and educators who see clearly and feel strongly that something must be done. None of them have come up with a magic formula, though most of them feel that improvements in methods of teaching science in the schools and universities would help. In any case, reading "The New Scientist" makes one aware that a large group of talented people are struggling with the problem. The stakes are high. In his preface, Mr. Obler quotes J. Robert Oppenheimer, who believes that it is possible for us to create together "an immense network of intimacy, illumination, and understanding. Everything cannot be connected with everything in the world we live in. Everything can be connected with anything."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GOOD CAUSE, by David Stone (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Here is a really good English novel, set in London and centered on the offices of the Lintott Foundation, where the two main characters work. Charles Modyford, first in importance, and Jack Fender, not quite as important as Modyford either in the foundation or in the novel, are both bachelors, and they are both discontented because they don't want to get married. Modyford is upper-class and easygoing, and he likes his work. Fender is lower-middle-class and touchy, and he wants more than anything to be a Cambridge don. Modyford leads a high-toned social life and has money of his own. Fender's social life is meagre, and he has no money except his salary. Modyford's discontent vanishes when he falls violently in love with a wild and cruel young woman whom he meets while on holiday in Portugal, and Fender discovers how precious and satisfactory his freedom is when he finds himself being pursued by an angry father who is determined to become a father-in-law. Mr. Stone, a natural writer with a witty, polished, and tolerant manner, is perfectly at ease with all his characters, but the strength of his book lies in his convincing and touching account of Modyford's anguished

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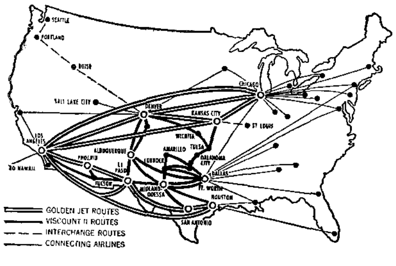
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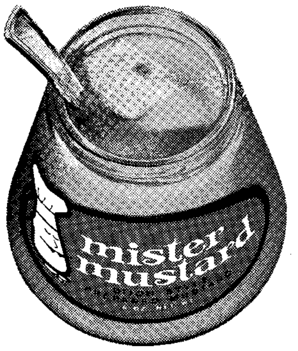

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love affair, and of Modyford's struggle to avoid knowing that he is really and truly not going to get the girl he wants.

Joy in the Morning, by Betty Smith (Harper & Row). When this novel opens, in the fall of 1927, Annie McGairy, an eighteen-year-old uneducated Brooklynite, has just married Carl Brown, a twenty-year-old law student at a Middle Western university. Annie is young for her age; she has not lost her zest for such premarital flings as eating a banana split. When the story ends, in June, 1929, Carl has his law degree, and Annie has a bouncing boy; he has a job awaiting him, and she has had a one-act play and a newspaper feature story published. Furthermore, she has matured to the point where she can no longer stomach banana splits. All this has been accomplished by a formidable exercise of hope, perseverance, intelligence, and supererogatory kindliness on Annie's part—she would gild the Golden Rule if she could. Miss Smith's novel, like a banana split, is too sweet for grown-ups. A Literary Guild selection.

The Banker, by Leslie Waller (Doubleday). Driving along and overlapping himself, Mr. Waller creates a thickly textured prose through which one can discern, in repetition, the themes of his work. They are banking, love, sex, ambition, parenthood, competitiveness on an executive business level, and marriage. This very bad book starts out in Chicago and goes quickly to New York, where it stays.

GENERAL

Pebbles from My Skull, by Stuart Hood (Dutton). A most unusual war memoir. The author, a British Intelligence officer, was captured by the Italians in North Africa and assigned to a P.O.W. camp in northern Italy. When Italy dropped out of the war, the camp broke up and the prisoners walked away. Mr. Hood walked south, first with a companion and then alone. That was in September, 1943. In August, 1944, he finally made contact with the Allied forces. This book recalls that interval of eleven months, in which he crept from byre to cave to barn, briefly joined an abortive partisan group, and came to rest with a peasant family in the hills above Siena. There, to his deepest psychic satisfaction, he lived and worked and forgot the war in a fourteenth-century backwater—in, as he has the candor to put it, "a

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fugue within a fugue." Highly recommended.

SWEETLY SINGS THE DONKEY, by Shelagh Delaney (Putnam). A collection of quasi-autobiographical, quasi-fictional short pieces by the young author of "A Taste of Honey." Miss Delaney and her characters all display a bright working-class sassiness. In some of the stories, though, the spunkiness spills over into sentimentality, and these are trying. So are the sections in which Miss Delaney writes about Miss Delaney the Successful Playwright, the possessor of valuable opinions about politics, the recipient of nut letters, the target of envy and of uncomprehending criticism. There's absolutely nothing wrong with the title story, though; it's a beauty.

THE VINEGAR WORKS, by Edward Gorey (Simon & Schuster). These "Three Volumes of Moral Instruction" are vintage Gorey gone, as the title suggests, a little sour. The drawings are still superb, and some of the rhymed captions are inventive, but the endings are generally limp. Volume I, "The Gashlycrumb Tinies," is a macabre alphabet book ("E is for ERNEST who choked on a peach/ F is for FANNY sucked dry by a leech"); Volume II, "The Insect God," is a Victorian tale of the abduction of five-year-old Millicent Frastley ("As the night wore away hope started to languish/ And soon was replaced by all manner of fears;/ The family twisted their fingers in anguish,/ Or got them all damp from the flow of their tears"); Volume III, "The West Wing," is an uncaptioned, discontinuous picture story of the sinister occurrences in the blocked-off section of a haunted house. All three stories combine the cruelty of "Struwwelpeter" with a style and humor reminiscent of Bemelmans or Ronald Searle.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HOPJOY WAS HERE, by Colin Watson (Walker). This macabre and jolly English tale is concerned with the disappearance of a secret agent named Hopjoy, who was last seen in the bathroom of a respectable little house in the little town of Flaxborough. The house is owned by a young tobacconist named Gordon Periam, and Periam has vanished, too. Where is Hopjoy? Where is Periam? They cannot have gone away together. Everybody knows they had a big fight, shouting at the tops of their voices. Why are those policemen

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carrying that bathtub out of Periam's house, and being so careful not to get pawmarks on it? This is a funny mystery novel.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE MAN, by Elizabeth Fenwick (Harper & Row). The heroine of this suspense novel, Norma Hovic, is a pretty young widow who lives with her mother and her schoolboy son in a small house on an uninspired street in Detroit. When Norma's mother leaves to make a short family visit, a former lodger appears, asking for help but appearing too odd or too dangerous to deserve it. From these plain-Jane foundations, the author builds a fascinating and terrifying tale that is all too plausible for the reader's comfort. Miss Fenwick's simple, shapely prose is as good as her sense of plot.

HERE LIES, by Doris Miles Disney (Doubleday). A nice, cozy mystery story about a long-ago romance and a beautiful lady who proved that Hell hath no fury to match her. The scene is a very small New Hampshire town with a nice inn that provides delicious Martinis for the members of the cast, all of whom are suitably bewildered as they are confronted first by evidence of an unsuspected crime and later by solidly placed clues leading inexorably to the identity of the criminal, and then of the victim.

•

Miss La Rue wore a flowing gown of white Italian silk. The sculptured bodice of reembroidered Chantilly lace was traced with soup, but we like it with steamed fish. sequins. Scallops framed the shaped decolletage.—*Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller-Times.*

She's so pretty we could eat her.

•

Mr. Shurlock is one of the most cultured men in Hollywood. He is extremely well read, multilingual, very fond of serious music, particularly of opera, and well informed about ballet. He has been the object of considerable criticism because he believes that the taste with which a movie is done is as important as the subject.—*The Times.*

He better leave well enough alone.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lander (Wyo.) Wyoming State Journal*]

At Rock Springs, an irate woman called the garage and wanted to know why they hadn't come for her car to fix it, as she'd asked. Then a man told police his car had been stolen. So the garage mechanics, embarrassed, fixed the woman's car, too.

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from the author of
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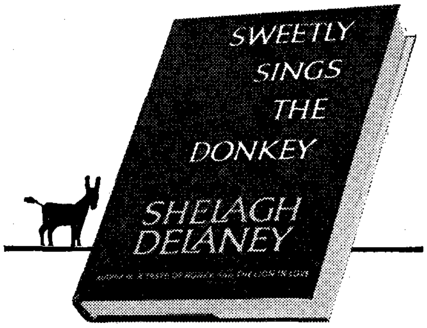

A memoir by
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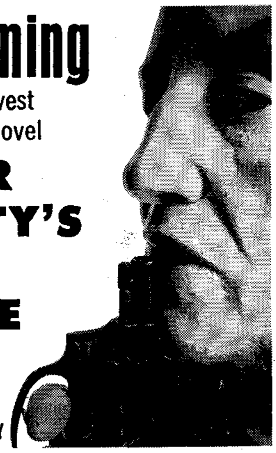

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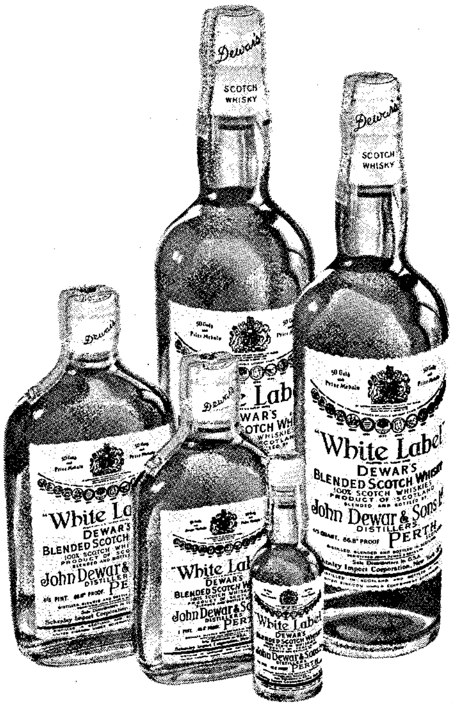

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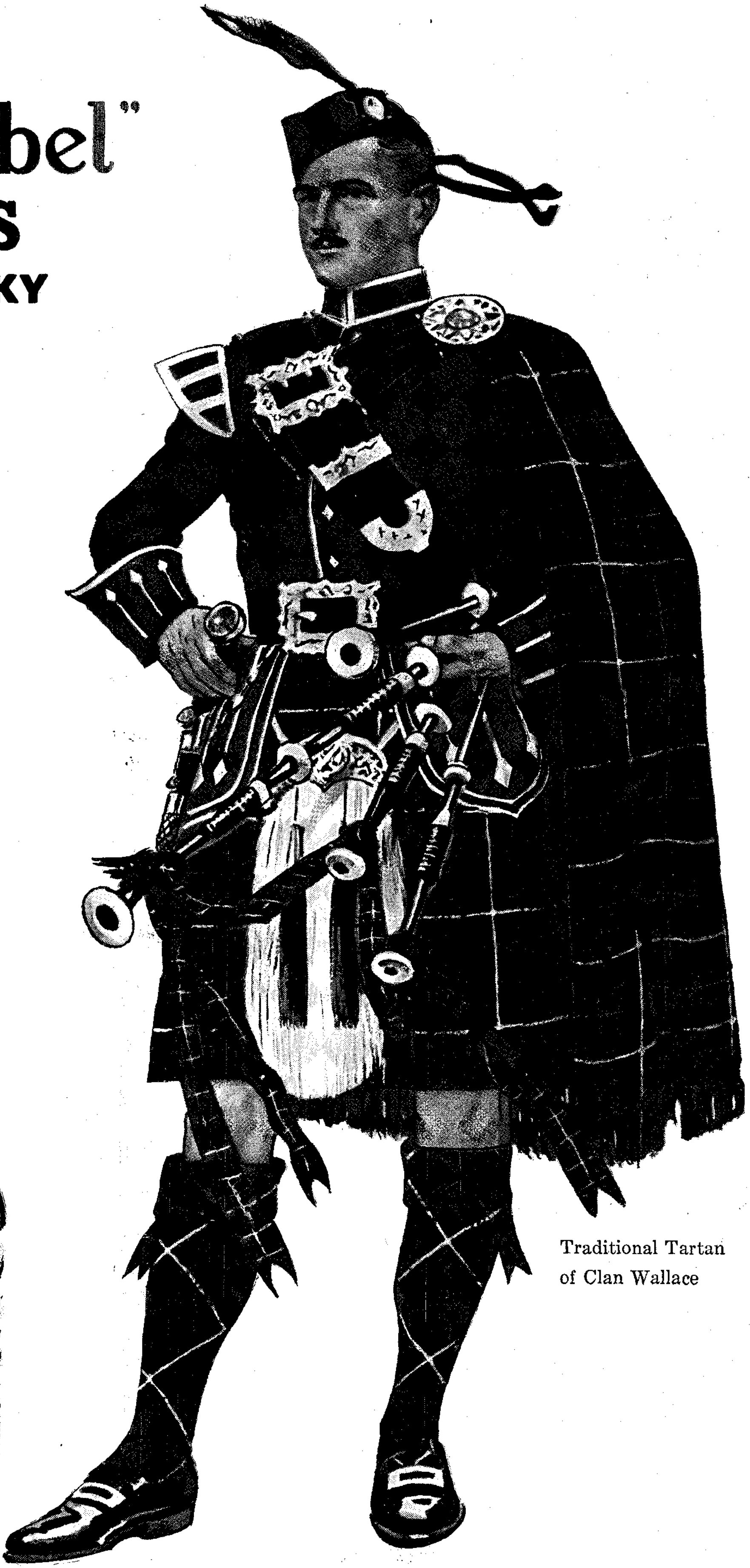

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